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151.631

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THE LADY OF PLEASVRE.

A COMEDIE,

As it was Acted by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in *Drury* Lane.

Written by *James Shirly.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*, and *William Cooke*.
1637.

Persons of the Comedy.

Lord.
Sir Thomas Bornewell.
Sir William Sentlove.
Mr. Alex. Kickshaw.
Mr. John Littleworth.
Mr. Haircut.
Mr. Fredericke.
Steward to the Lady *Aretina.*
Steward to the Lady *Celestina.*
Secretary.
Servants, &c.

Aretina, Sir *Thomas Bornwells* Lady.
Celestina, a young Widow.
Isabella.
Mariana.
Madam Decoy.

Scene the Strand.

151.632
May 1873

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE RICHARD LORD LOVELACE *of* Hurley.

My Lord,

I Cannot want encouragement to present a Poeme to your Lordship, while you possesse so noble a breast, in which so many seedes of honour, to the example and glory of your Name obtain'd, before your yeares a happy maturity. This Comedy fortunate in the Scene, and one that may challenge a place in the first forme of the Authors compositions, most humbly addresseth it selfe to your honour, if it meete your

gracious acceptance, and that you repent not to be a Patron, your Lordships will onely crownes the imagination, and for ever by this favour oblige,

My Lord

The most humble Services

of your Honourer,

IAMES SHIRLY.

THE

The Lady of Pleasure.

The first Act.

Enter Aretina *and her Steward.*

Stew. Be patient Madam, you may have your pleasure.

Are. Tis that I came to towne for, I wo'd not
Endure againe the countrey conversation,
To be the Lady of sixe shires ! the men
So neare the Primitive making, they retaine
A sence of nothing but the earth, their braines
And barren heads standing as much in want
Of plowing as their ground, to heare a fellow
Make himselfe merry and his horse with whisteling
Sellingers round, to observe with what solemnitie
They keepe their Wakes, and throw for pewter Candlesticks,
How they become the Morris, whith whose bells
They ring all into Whitson Ales, and sweate,
Through twenty Scarffes and Napkins, till the Hobbyhorse
Tire, and the maide Marrian dissolv'd to a gelly,
Be kept for spoone meate.

Ste. These with your pardon are no Argument
To make the country life appeare so hatefull,
At least to your particular, who enjoy'd
A blessing in that calme; would you be pleasd
To thinke so, and the pleasure of a kingdome,
While your owne will commanded what should move
Delights, your husbands love and power joyned
To give your life more harmony, you liv'd there,
Secure, and innoc nt, beloved of all,
Praisd for your hospitality, and praid for,

You might be envied, but malice knew
Not where you dwelt, I wo'd not prophecy,
But leave to your owne apprehension
What may succeede your change.
Are. You doe imagine,
No doubt, you have talk'd wisely, and confuted,
London past all defence, your Master should
Doe well to send you backe into the countrie,
With title of Supernitendent Baylie.
Ste. How Madam.
Are. Even so sir.
Ste. I am a Gentleman though now your servant.
Are. A country gentleman,
By your affection to converse with stuble,
His tenants will advance you wit, and plumpe it so
With beefe and bag-pudding.
Ste. You may say your pleasure,
It becomes not me dispute.
Are. Complaine to the Lord of the soyle your master.
Ste. Y'are a woman of an ungovern'd passion, and I pitty you.
Enter Sir Thomas Bornwell.
Bor. How how? Whats the matter?
Ste. Nothiug Sir.
Bor. Angry sweete heart?
Are. I am angry with my selfe,
To be so miserably restrained in things,
Wherein it doth concerne your love and honour
To see me satisfied.
Bor. In what *Aretina?*
Dost thou accuse me? have I not obeyd
All thy desires, against mine owne opinion,
Quitted the countrie, and removed the hope
Of our returne, by sale of that faire Lordship
We liv'd in, chang'd a calme and retire life
For this wild towne, compos'd of noise and charge.
Are. What charge more, than is necessarie,
For a Lady of my birth and education?
Bor. I am not ignorant, how much Nobilitie

Flowes in your bloud, your kinsmen great and powerfull,
In State, but with this lose not your memory
Of being my wife, I shall be studious
Madam to give the dignitie of your birth
All the best ornaments which become my fortune
But would not flatter it, to ruine both,
And be the fable of the towne, to teach
Other men losse of wit by mine, emploid
To serve your vaste expences. *Are.* Am I then
Broughtin the ballance? so Sir. *Bo.* Though you weigh
Me in a partiall scale my heart is honest,
And must take libertie to thinke you have
Obeyed no modest counsell to effect,
Nay study wayes of pride and costly ceremony,
Your change of gaudy furniture and pictures,
Of this Italian Master, and that Dutchmnas,
Your mighty looking-glasses like Artillery;
Brought whom on Engins the superfluous plate,
Anticke and novell, vanities of tires,
Foure score pound suppers for my Lord your kinsman,
Banquets for tother Lady, aunt, and cozens,
And perfumes that exceede all traine of servants,
To stifle us at home and shew abroad
More motley than the French, or the Venetian,
About your Coach whose rude Postillion
Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers
And tradsmen curse your choaking up their stalls;
And common cries pursue your Ladiship,
For hindring o'their market. *Are.* Have you done sir.
Bor. I could accuse the gayetie of your wardrobe,
And prodigall embroderies under which
Rich Sattens, Plushes, cloath of Silver, dare
Not shew their owne complexions, your jewells
Able to burne out the Spectators eyes,
And shew like Bonefires on you by the tapers,
Something might here be spar'd, which safely of
Your birth and honour, since the truelt wealth,
Shines from the soule, and drawes up just admirers,

I could urgē something more: *Are.* Pray doē I likē
Your homilie of thrifte. *Bo.* I could wish Madam
You would not game so much. *Are.* A gamster too?
Bor. But are not come to that repentance yet,
Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit,
You looke not through the subtiltie of Cards,
And mysteries of Dice, nor can you save
Charge with the boxe, buy petticotes and purles,
And keepe your familie by the precious income,
Not doe I wish you should, my poorest servant
Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire
Purchasd beneath my honour, you make play
Not a Pastime but a tyrannie, and vexe
Your selfe and my estate by't. *Are.* Good, proceed.
Bor. Another game you have, which consumes more
Your fame than purse, your revells in the night,
Your meetings cal'd the Ball, to which appeare,
As to the Court of Pleasure, all your gallants,
And Ladies thither bound by a Subpena
Of *Venus*, and small *Cupids* high displeasure,
Tis but the family of love translated
Into more costly sinne, there was a play on't,
And had the Poet not beene brib'd to a modest
Expression of your Anticke gambolls in't,
Some darkes had beene discovered, and the deeds too,
In time he may repent and make some blush,
To see the second part danc'd on the Stage;
My thoughts acquit you for dishonouring me
By any foule act, but the vertuous know,
Tis not enough to cleare our selves, but the
Suspitions of our shame. *Are.* Have you concluded
Your lecture? *Bor.* I ha done, and how soever
My language my appeare to you, it carries
No other than my faire and just intent
To your delights without curbe to their modest,
And noble freedome. *Are.* Ile not be so tedious,
In my reply, but without arte or elegance,
Assure you I keepe still my first opinion,

And though you vay'le, your avaritious meaning
With hanſome names of modeſty, and thrift,
I finde you would intrench and wound the liberty
I was borne with, were my deſires unpriviledged
By example, while my judgement thought 'em fit,
You ought not to oppoſe, but when the practiſe
And tract of every honourable Lady,
Authoriſe me, I take it great injuſtice,
To have my pleaſures circumſcribed, and taught me,
A narrow minded husband is a theefe
To his owne fame, and his preferment too,
He ſhuts his parts and fortunes from the world,
While from the popular vote and knowledge men
Riſe to imployment in the ſtate. *Bor.* I have
No great ambition to buy preferment
At ſo deare rate. *Are.* Nor I to ſell my honour,
By living poore and ſparingly, I was not
Bred in that ebbe of fortune, and my fate
Shall not compell me too't. *Bor.* I know not Madam,
But you purſue theſe wayes. *Are.* What wayes?
Bor. In the ſtrict ſence of honeſtie I dare
Make oath, they are Innocent. *Are.* Do not divert,
By buſie troubling of your braine, thoſe thoughts
That ſhould preſerve em. *Bor.* How was that?
Are, Tis Engliſh.
Bor. But carries ſome unkinde ſence.

Enter Madam Decoy.

De. Good morrow my ſweete Madam.
Are. *Decoy* welcome; this viſite is a favour.
De. Alas ſweet Madam, I cannot ſtay, I came
But to preſent my ſervice to your Ladiſhip;
I could not paſſe by your doore, but I muſt take
The boldneſſe to tender my reſpects.
Are. You oblige me Madam, but I muſt
Not diſpence ſo with your abſence.
De. Alas, the Coach Madam ſtayes for me at the doore.
Are. Thou ſha't command mine; prethee ſweete *Decoy*.
De. I would waite on you Madam, but I have many

Visits to make this morning I beseech.
Are. So you will promise to dine with me. *De.* I shall
Present a guest. *Are.* Why then good morrow Madam.
De. A happy day shine on your Ladiship. *Exit.*

Enter Steward.

Are. Whats your newes sir? *St.* Madam two gentlemen.
Are. What gentlemen? Have they no names. *St.* They are
The gentleman with his owne head of haire,
Whom you commended for his horsemanship
In Hide Parke, and becomming the saddle
The tother day. *Are.* What circumstance is this,
To know him by. *St.* His names at my tongues end,
He lik'd the fashion of your pearle chaine Madam,
And borrowed it for his Jeweller to take
A coppie by it. *Bor.* What cheating gallants this?
St. That never walkes without a Ladies buske,
And playes with fannes Mr. *Alexander Kickshaw*,
I thought I should remember him. *Are.* Whats the other?
St. What an unluckie memorie I have?
The gallant that still danceth in the streete,
And weares a grosse of Ribbon in his hat,
That carries *Oringado* in his pocket,
And Suger-plumbs to sweeten his discourse,
That studies complement, defies all wit
On blacke, and censures playes that are not bawdy,
Mr. *John littleworth*. *Are.* They are welcome, but
Pray entertaine them a small time, lest I
Be unprovided. *Bor.* Did they aske for me?
Ste. No sir. *Bor.* It matters not, they must be welcome.
Are. Fie, how's this haire disordered? here's a curle,
Straddle most impiously, I must to my closet. *Exit.*
Bor. Waite on em, my Lady will returne agen,
I have to such a height fulfill'd her humor,
All applications dangerous, these gallants
Must be received or shee will fall into
A tempest, and the house be shooke with names
Of all her kindred, tis a servitude,
I may in time shake off.

Enter

Enter Alexander and Littleworth.

Al. Lit. Save you Sir *Thomas.*

Bor. Save you gentlemen. *Al.* I kisse your hand.

Bor. What day is it abroad?

Lit. The morning rises from your Ladies eye,
If she looke cleare, we take the happy omen
Of a faire day. *Bo.* Sheele instantly appeare,
To the discredit of your complement,
But you expresse your wit thus. *Al.* And you modestie,
Not to affect the praises of your owne.

Bor. Leaving this subject, what games now on foote?
What exercise carries the generall vote?
Oth towne now nothing moves without your knowledge,
Al. The cocking now has all the noise, He have
A hundred peeces of one battle, Oh,
These birds of *Mars!* *Lit.* *Venus* is *Mars* his bird too.

Al. Why and the pretty Doves are *Venusses*,
To show that kisses draw the Charriot.

Lit. I am for that skirmish. *Bor.* When shall wee have
More Booths and Bag-pipes upon Banstead downes,
No mighty race is expected, but my Lady returnes.

Enter Aretina.

Are. Faire morning to you gentlemen,
You went not late to bed by your early visit,
You doe me honour. *Al.* It becomes our service.

Are. What newes abroade? you hold precious intelligence.

Lit. All tongues are so much busie with your praise,
They have not time to frame other discourse,
Will please you Madam? tast a Sugerplum.

Bor. What do's the Goldsmith thinke the Pearle is worth
You borrowed of my Lady? *Al.* Tis a rich one.

Bor. She has many other toyes whose fashion you,
Will like extremely, you have no intention
To buy any of her Iewels. *Al.* Vnderstand me.

Bor. You had rather sell perhaps, but leaving this,
I hope you le dine with us.

Al. I came a purpose.

Are.

Are. And where were you last night? *Al.* I Madam? where
I slept not, it had beene sin where so much
Delight and beauty was to keepe me waking,
There is a Lady Madam will be worth
Your free societie, my conversation
Nere knew so elegant and brave a soule,
With most incomparable flesh and bloud,
So spirited, so Courtly speakes the Languages,
Sings, Dances, playes o'th Lute to admiration,
Is faire and paints not, games too, keepes a table,
And talkes most witty Satyre, has a wit
Of a cleane Mercury.
Lit. Is shee married? *Al.* No. thing
Are. A Virgin? *Al.* Neither. *Lit.* What a widow? some-
Of this wide commendation might have beene
Excusd, this such a prodigie? *Al.* Repent
Before I name her, shee did never see
Yet full sixteene, an age in the opinion
Of wise men not contemptible, she ha's
Mourned out her yeare too for the honest Knight
That had compassion of her youth, and dy'd
So timely, such a widow is not common,
And now she shines more fresh and tempting
Then any naturall Virgin.
Are. Whats her name?
Al. Shee was Christened *Celestina*, by her husband
The Lady *Bellamour*, this Ring was hers.
Bor. You borrowed it to coppie out the Posie.
Al. Are they not pretty Rubies? twas a grace
She was pleasd to shew me, that I might have one
Made of the same fashion, for I love
All prettie formes. *Are.* And is she glorious?
Al. She is full of Jewels Madam, but I am
Most taken with the bravery of her minde,
Although her garments have all grace and ornament.
Are. You haue beene high in praises. *Al.* I come short,
No flattery can reach her. *Bor.* Now my Lady
Is troubled as she feared to be eclipsd,

This newes will cost me somewhat. *Are.* You deserve
Her favour for this noble character.
Al. And I possesse it by my starres benevolence.
Are. You must bring us acquainted. *Bo.* I pray doe sir.
I long to see her too, Madam I have
Thought upon't and corrected my opinion,
Pursue what wayes of pleasure your desires
Incline you too, not onely with my state,
But with my person I will follow you,
I see the folly of my thrift, and will
Repent in Sacke and prodigalitie
To your owne hearts content.
Are. But doe not mocke.
Bor. Take me to your imbraces gentlemen
And tutor me. *Lit.* And will you kisse the Ladies?
Bor. And sing and dance, I long to see this beauty,
I wood faine lose a hundred pounds at dice now,
Thou sha't have another gowne and petticote,
To morrow will you sell my running horses?
We have no Greeke wine in the house I thinke,
Pray send one of our footemen to the Merchant,
And throw the hogsheads of March-beare into
The kenell, to make roome for Sackes and Clarret,
What thinke you to be drunke yet before dinner?
We will have constant musicke and maintaine
Them and their Fidles in phantasticke liveries,
Ile tune my voyce to catches, I must have
My dyning roome enlarg'd to invite Embassadors,
Wee'le feast the parish in the fields, and teach
The Military men new discipline,
Who shall charge all their new Artillerie
With Oringes and Lemonds, boy to play
All dinner upon our capons. *Al.* Hee's exalted.
Bor. I will doe any thing to please my Lady,
Let that suffice and kisse oth same condition,
I am converted, doe not you dispute
But patiently allow the miracle. *Enter Servant.*
Are. I am glad to heare you sir in so good tune.

Ser. Madam the Painter. *Are.* I am to sit this morning.
Bor. Doe, while I give new directions to my Steward.
Al. With your favour we'le waite on you, sitting's but
A melancholy exercise without
Some company to discourse. *Are.* It does conclude
A Ladies morning worke, we rise, make fine,
Sit for our Picture, and tis time to dine.
Lit. Praying's forgot. *Al.* Tis out of fashion. *Exeunt.*

Enter Celestina and her Steward.

Cel. Fie, what an aire this roome has. *St.* Tis perfum'd.
Cel. With some cheape stuffe. is it your wisedomes thrift
To infect my nostrils thus? Or i'st to favour
The Gout in your worships hand? You are afraid
To exercise your pen in your account Booke?
Or doe you doubt my credit to discharge
Your bills.
St. Madam, I hope you have not found
My dutie with the guilt of sloath or jealousie,
Vnapt to your command. *Cel.* You can extenuate
Your faults with language sir, but I expect
To be obeyed; What hangings have we here?
St. They are Arras Madam. *Cel.* Impudence I know't,
I will have fresher and more rich, not wrought
With faces that may scandalise a Christian
With Iewish stories stufft with Corne and Camells,
You had best wrap all my chambers in wild Irish,
And make a nursery of Monsters here,
To fright the Ladies comes to visite me.
St. Madam I hope. *Cel.* I say I will have other,
Good Master Steward of a finer loome,
Some silke and silver if your worship please,
To let me be at so much cost Ile have
Stories to fit the seasons of the yeare,
And change as often as I please. *St.* You shall Madam.
Cel. I am bound to your consent forsooth, and is
My coach brought home?
St. This morning I expect it.
Cel. The inside as I gave direction,

Of

Of crimson plush. *St.* Of crimson Camell plush.
Cel. Ten thousand mothes consum't, shall I ride through
The streets in penance wrapt up round in haire cloath,
Sel't to an Alderman, twill serve his wife
To goe a feasting to their country house,
Or fetch a Merchants Nurse child, and come home
Laden with fruite and Cheese-cakes; I despise it.
St. The nailes adorne it Madam, set in method
And pretty formes. *Cel.* But single guilt I warrant.
St. No Madam. *Cel.* Another Solecisme, oh fie,
This fellow will bring me to a Consumption
With fretting at his ignorance, some Lady
Had rather never pray, than goe to Church in't;
The nailes not double guilt? to market wo't,
Twill hackny out to Mile-end, or convey
Your citie tumblers to be drunke with Creame
And Prunes at Islington. *St.* Good Madam heare me.
Cel. Ile rather be beholding to my Aunt
The Countesse for her mourning coach, then be
Disparag'd so, shall any juggling tradsman
Be at charge to shooe his running horse with gold,
And shall my coach nailes be but single guilt?
How dare these knaves abuse me so? *St.* Vouchsafe
To heare me speake. *Cel.* Is my Sedan yet finish'd?
And liveries for my men-Mules according
As I gave charge. *St.* Yes Madam it is finish'd,
But without tilting plumes at the foure corners,
The scarlet's pure, but not embroidered.
Cel. What mischiefe were it to your conscience
Were my coach lin'd with tissue, and my harnesse
Cover'd with needleworke? if my Sedan
Had all the story of the Prodigall,
Embrodered with pearle. *St.* Alas good Madam,
I know tis your owne cost, I am but your Steward,
And wod discharge my duty the best way,
You have beene pleasd to heare me, tis not for
My profit, that I manage your estate,
And save expence, but for your honour Madam.

Cel. How sir, my honour? *St.* Though you heare it not,
Mens tongues are liberall in your character,
Since you began to live thus high, I know
Your fame is precious to you. *Cel.* I were best
Make you my governor, audacious Varlet,
How dare you interpose your doting counsell?
Mind your affaires with more obedience,
Or I shall ease you of an office sir,
Must I be limited to please your honour?
Or for the vulgar breath confine my pleasures,
I will pursue 'em in what shapes I fancie,
Here, and abroad, my entertainements shall
Be oftner, and more rich, who shall controule me?
I live i'th strand, whether few Ladies come
To live, and purchase, more than fame, I will
Be hospitable then, and spare no cost
That may engage all generous report
To trumpet forth my bounty and my braverie,
Till the Court envie, and remove, Ile have
My house the Academy of wits, who shall
Exalt with rich Sacke, and Sturgeon,
Write Panegyricks of my feasts, and praise
The method of my wittie superfluities,
The horses shall be taught with frequent waiting
Vpon my gates, to stop in their careere
Toward Charing-crosse, spight of the Coachmans fury.
And not a tilter, but shall strike his plume,
When he sailes by my window, my Balconie
Shall be the Courtiers Idoll, and more gaz'd at,
Than all the Pageantry at Temple barre,
By countrey Clients. *St.* Sure my Ladie's mad. (dam,
Cel. Take that for your ill manners. *St.* Thanke you Ma-
I would there were lesse quicksilver in your fingers. *Exit.*
Cel. There's more than simple honesty in a servant
Requir'd to his full dutie, none should dare,
But with a looke, much lesse a sawcie language
Checke at their Mistresse pleasure, I'me resolv'd
To pay for some delight, my estate will beare it,

Ile reine it shorter when I please.

Enter Steward.

St. A gentleman
Desires to speake with your Ladiship. *Cel.* His name?
St. He saies you know him not, he seemes to be
Of qualitie. *Cel.* Admit him. Sir with me.

Enter Haircut.

Ha. Madam I know not, how you may receive
This boldnesse from me, but my faire intents
Knowne, will incline you to be charitable.
Cel. No doubt sir. *Ha.* He must live obscurely Madam,
That hath not heard what vertues you possesse,
And I a poore admirer of your fame,
Am come to kisse your hand. *Cel.* That all your businesse?
Ha. Though it were worth much travell, I have more
In my ambition. *Cel.* Speake it freely sir.
Ha. You are a widow. *Cel.* So. *Ha.* And I a Bachelor.
Cel. You come a wooing sir, and would perhaps
Shew me a way to reconcile thee two.
Ha. And blesse my starres for such a happinesse.
Cel. I like you sir the better, that you doe not
Wander about, but shoote home to the meaning,
Tis a confidence will make a man
Know sooner what to trust to, but I never
Saw you before, and I beleeve you come not
With hope to finde me desperate upon marriage,
If maides out of their ignorance of what
Men, are refuse these offers, widowes may
Out of their knowledge be allow'd some coynesse,
And yet I know not how much happinesse
A peremptorie answer may deprive me of,
You may be some young Lord, and though I see not
Your footmen and your groome, they may not be
Farre off in conference with your horse, please you
To instruct me with your title, against which
I would not willingly offend. *Ha.* I am
A gentleman, my name is *Haircut* madam.
Cel. Sweete Mr. *Haircut*, are you a Courtier?

Ha. Yes *Cel.* I did thinke so by your confidence,
Not to detaine you sir with circumstance,
I was not so unhappy in my husband
But that tis possible I may be a wife
Agen, but I must tell you, he that winnes
My affection shall deserve me. *Ha.* I will hope
If you can love, I shanot present Madam
An object to displease you in my person,
And when time, and your patience shall possesse you
With further knowledge of me, and the truth
Of my devotion, you will not repent
The offer of my service. *Cel.* You say well.
How long doe you imagine you can love sir?
Is it a Quotidian, or will it hold
But every other day? *Ha.* You are pleasant Madam.
Cel. Dost take you with a burning at the first,
Or with a cold fit, for you gentlemen
Have both your Summer, and your Winter service.
Ha. I am ignorant what you meane, but I shall never
Be cold in my affection to such beautie.
Cel. And twill be somewhat long ere I be warme in't,
Ha. If you vouchsafe me so much honour Madam,
That I may waite on you sometimes, I shanot
Despaire to see a change. *Cel.* But now I know
Your minde, you shall not neede to tell it, when
You come agen, I shall remember it.
Ha. You make me fortunate. *Enter Steward.*
St. Madam your kinswomen
The Lady *Novice* and her sister are
New lighted from their coach. *Cel.* I did expect e'm,
They partly are my pupills, i'e attende'm.
Ha. Madam I have beene too great a trespasser
Vpon your patience, Ile take my leave,
You have affaires, and I have some imployment
Calls me to Court, I shall present agen
A servant to you. *Cel.* Sir you may present, *Exit Ha.*
But not give fire I hope, now to the Ladies.
This recreation's past, the next must be

To read to them some Court Philosophie. *Exeunt.*

The second Act.

Enter sir Thomas Bornewell.

Tis a strange humour I have undertaken
To dance, and play, and spend as fast as she does,
But I am resolv'd, it may doe good upon her,
And fright her into thrift, nay ile endeavour
To make her jealous too, if this doe not
Allay her gamboling, shee's past a woman
And onely a miracle must tame her.

Enter Steward.

St. Tis Mr. *Fredericke* my Ladies nephew. *Bo.* What of him?
St. Is come from the Vniversitie. *Bo.* By whose directions?
St. It seemes my Ladies. *Bo.* Let me speake with him
Before he see his Aunt, I doe not like it.

Enter Mr. Fredericke.

Mr. *Fredericke* welcome I expected not
So soone your presence, what's the hasty cause?
Fr. These letters from my Tutor will acquaint you.
St. Welcome home sweet Mr. *Fredericke*. *Fr.* Where's my Aunt?
St. Shee's busie about her painting, in her closet,
The Outlandish man of Art, is copying out
Her countenance. *Fr.* She is sitting for her picture.
St. Yes sir, and when tis drawne, she will be hang'd
Next the French Cardinall in the dining roome,
But when she heares you'r come, she will dismisse
The Belgicke gentleman to entertaine
Your worship. *Fr.* Change of aire has made you witty.
Bo. Your Tutor gives you a handsome character
Fredericke, and is sorry your Aunts pleasure
Commands you from your studies, but I hope
You have no quarrell to the liberall arts,
Learning is an addition beyond
Nobilitie of birth, honour of bloud
Without the ornament of knowledge is
A glorious ignorance.
Fr. I never knew more sweet and happy houres

Than I emploid upon my bookes, I heard
A part of my Philosophy, and was so
Delighted with the harmony of nature,
I could have wasted my whole life upon't.
Bo. Tis pitty a rash indulgence should corrupt
So faire a Genius, shee's here, ile observe.

Enter Aretina, Alexander, Littleworth, Steward.

Fr. My most lov'd Aunt. *Are.* Support me, I shall faint.
Lit. What ailes your Ladiship? *Are.* Is that *Fredericke*,
In blacke. *Alex.* Yes Madam, but the doublets Sattin.
Are. The boy's undone. *Fre.* Madam you appeare trou-
Are. Have I not cause? Was not I trusted with (bled.
Thy education boy, and have they sent thee
Home like a very scholler. *Alex.* Twas ill done
How ere they usd him in the Universitie,
To send him to his friends thus. *Fre.* Why sir, blacke
(For tis the colour that offends your eyesight)
Is not within my reading any blemish,
Sables are no disgrace in Heraldry.
Alex. Tis comming from the Colledge thus, that makes it
Dishonorable, while you ware it for
Your father, it was commendable, or were
Your Aunt dead, you might mourne and justifie.
Are. What lucke I did not send him into France,
They would have given him generous education,
Taught him another garbe, to weare his locke,
And shape, as gawdie as the Summer, how
To dance, and wagge his feather ala mode,
To complement, and cringe, to talke not modestly
Like I forsooth, and no forsooth, to blush
And looke so like a Chaplaine, there he might
Have learned a brazen confidence, and observ'd
So well the custome of the country, that
He might by this time have invented fashions
For us, and beene a benefit to the Kingdome
Preserv'd our Tailors in their wits, and sav'd
The charge of sending into forraine Courts
For pride and anticke fashions, observe,
In what a posture he does hold his hat now.

Fr. Madam with your pardon, you have practisd
Another dialect then was taught me when
I was commended to your care and breeding,
I understand not this, Latine or Greeke
Are more familiar to my apprehension,
Logicke was not so hard in my first lectures
As your strange language. *Are.* Some strong waters, oh!
Lit. Comfits will be as comfortable to your stomacke Ma-
Are. I feare hee's spoild for ever, he did name (dam.
Logicke, and may for ought I know be gone
So farre to understand it, I did alwayes
Suspect they would corrupt him in the Colledge,
Will your Greeke sawes and sentences discharge
The Mercer, or is Latin a fit language
To court a mistresse in? Mr. *Alexander*
If you have any charitie, let me
Commend him to your breeding, I suspect
I must employ my Doctor first, to purge
The Vniversitie that lies in's head
It alters his complexion. *Alex.* If you dare
Trust me to serve him. *Are.* Mr. *Littlewort*
Be you joynd in commission. *Lit.* I will teach him
Postures and rudiments. *Are.* I have no patience
To see him in this shape, it turnes my stomacke,
When he has cast his Academicke skinne
He shall be yours, I am bound in conscience
To see him bred, his owne state shall maintaine
The charge, while hee's my Ward, come hither sir.
Fr. What does my Aunt meane to doe with me?
St. To make you a fine gentleman, and translate you
Out of your learned language sir, into
The present Goth and Vandall, which is French.
Bo. Into what mischiefe will this humour ebbe?
Shee will undo the boy, I see him ruind,
My patience is not manly, but I must
Vse stratagem to reduce her, open wayes
Give me no hope. *Exit.*
St. You shall be obey'd Madam. *Exeunt.*

Fr. Mr. *Steward*, are you sure we doe not dreame?
Was't not my Aunt you talkt to. *St.* One that loves you
Deare as her life, these cloathes doe not become you,
You must have better sir. *Fr.* These are not old.
St. More sutable to the towne and time, we keepe
No Lent here, nor is't my Ladies pleasure you
Should fast from any thing you have a minde to,
Vnlesse it be your learning, which she would have you
Forget with all convenient speed that may be,
For the credit of your noble family,
The case is alter'd since we liv'd i'th country,
We doe not invite the poore o'th parish
To dinner, keepe a table for the tenants,
Our kitchen does not smell of beefe, the sellar
Defies the price of malt and hops, the footmen
And coachdrivers may be drunke like gentlemen
With wine, nor will three Fidlers upon holidayes
With aid of Bagge pipes, that cald in the countrey
To dance, and plough the hall up with their hobnailes,
Now make my Lady merry, wee doe feed
Like princes, and feast nothing but princes,
And are these robes fit to be seene amongst e'm.
Fr. My Lady keepes a court then, is Sir *Thomas*
Affected with this state and cost. *Ste.* He was not,
But is converted, and I hope you wo'not
Persist in heresie, but take a course
Of riot to content your friends, you shall
Want nothing, if you can be proud and spend it
For my Ladies honour, here are a hundred
Peeces, will serve you till you have new clothes,
I will present you with a nag of mine
Poore tender of my service, please you accept,
My Ladies smile more than rewards me for it,
I must provide fit servants to attend you,
Monsieures for horse and foote. *Fr.* I shall submit
If this be my Aunts pleasure and be rul'd,
My eyes are open'd with this purse already,
And *Sacke* will helpe to inspire me, I must spend it,

St.

St, What else sir? *Fr.* Ile begin with you, to incourage
You, to have still a speciall care of me,
There is five peeces, not for your nag.
St. No sir, I hope it is not. *Fr.* Buy a Beaver
For thy owne blocke, I shall be ruld, who does
Command the wineseller? *St.* Who command but you sir?
Fr. Ile try to drinke a health or two, my Aunts
Or any bodies, and if that foundation
Stagger me not too much, I will commence
In all the arts of London. *St.* If you finde sir
The operation of the wine, exalt
Your bloud to the desire of any femall
Delight, I know your Aunt wonot deny
Any of her chambermaides to practise on,
She loves you but too well. *Fr.* I know not how
I may be for that exercise, farewell *Aristotle*,
Prethee commend me to the Library
At Westminster, my bones I bequeath thither,
And to the learned wormes that meane to visit 'em,
I will compose my selfe, I beginne to thinke
I have lost time indeed, come to the wineseller. *Exit.*

Enter Celestina, Mardana, Isabella.

Ma. But shall we not Madam expose our selves
To censure for this freedome. *Cel.* Let them answer
That dare mistake us, shall we be so much
Cowards to be frighted from our pleasure,
Because men have malitious tongues, and shew
What miserable soules they have, no cozen,
We hold our life and fortunes, upon no
Mans charitie, if they dare shew so little
Discretion to traduce our fames, we will
Be guilty of so much wit to laugh at em.
Is. Tis a becomming fortitude. *Cel.* My starres
Are yet kinde to me, for in a happy minute
Be't spoke, I'me not in love, and men shall never
Make my heart leane with sighing, nor with teares
Draw on my eyes the infamie of spectacles,
Tis the chiefe principle to keepe your heart

Vnder your owne obedience, jeast, but love not,
I say my prayers yet, can weare good clothes,
And onely satisfie my tailor for em.
I wonot lose my priviledge.
Ma. And yet they say your entertainments are,
Give me your pardon Madam, to proclaime
Your selfe a widow, and to get a husband.
Cel. As if a Lady of my yeares, some beautie
Left by her husband rich, that had mourn'd for him
A twelve moneth too, could live so obscure i'th towne
That gallants would not know her, and invite
Themselves without her chargeable proclamations;
Then we are worse than Citizens, no widow
Left wealthy can be throughly warme in mourning,
But some one noble bloud or lusty kindred
Claps in, with his gilt coach, and Flandrian trotters,
And hurries her away to be a Countesse.
Courtiers have spies, and great ones with lharge titles,
Cold in their owne estates, would warme themselves,
At a rich city bonefire.
If. Most true Madam.
Cel. No matter for corruption of the bloud,
Some undone Courtier made her husband rich,
And this new Lord receives it backe againe.
Admit it were my policie, and that
My entertainements pointed to acquaint mē
With many sutors, that I might be safe,
And make the best election, could you blame me?
Ma. Madam tis wisdome. *Cel.* But I should be
In my thoughts miserable to be fond
Of leaving the sweet freedome I possesse,
And court my selfe into new marriage fetters,
I now observe mens severall wits, and windings,
And can laugh at their follies. *Ma.* You have givēn
A most ingenious satisfaction.
Cel. One thing ile tell you more, and this I give you
Worthy your imitation from my practise,
You see me merry, full of song and dancing,

Pleasant

Pleasant in language, apt to all delights
That crowne a publike meeting, but you cannot
Accuse me of being prodigall of my favours
To any of my guests. I doe not summon
By any winke, a gentleman to follow me,
To my withdrawing chamber, I heare all
Their pleaes in Court, nor can they boast abroad
And doe me justice, after a salute
They have much conversation with my lippe,
I hold the kissing of my hand a courtesie,
And he that loves me, must upon the strength
Of that, expect till I renew his favour.
Some Ladies are so expensive in their graces,
To those that honour 'em, and so prodigall
That in a little time, they have nothing but
The naked sinne left to reward their servants,
Whereas a thrift in our rewards, will keepe
Men long in their devotion, and preserve
Our selves in stocke, to encourage those that honour us.

If. This is an art worthy a Ladies practise.

Cel. It takes not from the freedome of our mirth,
But seemes to advance it, when we can possesse
Our pleasures with security of our honour,
And that preserv'd, I welcome all the joyes
My fancy can let in. In this I have given
The copie of my minde, nor doe I blush,
You understand it. *Enter Celestinaes gentlewoman.*

If. You have honord us.

Gen. Madam, Sir *William Sentlove*'s come to waite on you.

Cel. There's one would be a client, make excuse
For a few minuts. *Mar.* One that comes a woing?

Cel. Such a thing he would seeme, but in his guiltinesse
Of little land, his expectation is not
So valiant as it might be, he weares cloathes,
And feeds with noblemen, to some I heare
No better than a wanton emissarie,
Or scout for *Venus* wild foule, which made tame,
He thinkes no shame to stand court centinell,

In hopē of the reversion. *Mar.* I have heard
That some of them are often my Lords tasters,
The first fruits they condition for, and will
Exact as fees for the promotion.
Cel. Let them agree, there's no account shall lie
For me among their trafficke.

Enter Gentlewo.

Gen. Mr. *Hairecut* Madam
Is new come in, to tender you his service.
Cel. Let him discourse a little with sir *William*. *Exit.*
Ma. What is this gentleman Mr. *Hairecut* Madam?
I note him very gallant, and much courted
By gentlemen of qualitie. *Cel.* I know not
More than a trim gay man, he has some great office
Sure by his confident behaviour,
He would be entertaind under the title
Of servant to me, and I must confesse,
He is the sweetest of all men that visite me.
Is. How meane you Madam?
Cel. He is full of powder,
He will save much in perfume for my chamber,
Were he but constant here; give e'm accesse.

Enter Sir Will. Sentlove, Mr. Hairecut.

Sent. Madam the humblest of your servants is
Exalted to a happinesse, if you smile
Vpon my visit.
Ha. I must begge your charitie
Vpon my rudenesse Madam, I shall give
That day up lost to any happinesse,
When I forget to tender you my service.
Cel. You practise Courtship gentlemen. *Sent.* But cannot
Find where with more desert to exercise it,
What Ladie's this I pray? *Cel.* A kinswoman
Of mine sir *William*. *Sent.* I am more her servant,
Cel. You came from Court, now I presume. *Ha.* Tis Madam
The sphere I move in, and my destinie
Was kinde to place me there, where I enjoy
All blessings that a mortall can possesse,

That

That liv̄es not in your presence, and J should
Fixe my ambition, when you would vouchsafe
Me so much honour, to accept from me
An humble entertainment there. *Cel.* But by
What name shall I be knowne, in what degree
Shall J be of kinred to you. *Har.* How meane you Madam?
Cel. Perhaps you'le call me sister, I shall take it
A speciall preferment, or it may be
J may passe under title of your Mistresse,
If I seeme rich, and faire enough, to engage
Your confidence to owne me. *Ha.* J would hope.
Cel. But tis not come to that yet, you will sir
Excuse my mirth.
Ha. Sweet Madam. *Cel.* Shall J take
Boldnesse to aske what place you hold in Court?
Tis an uncivill curiositie,
But you'le have mercie to a womans question.
Ha. My present condition Madam, carries
Honour and profit, though not to be nam'd
With that employment J expect ith state
Which shall discharge the first maturitie
Vpon your knowledge, untill then I begge
You allow a modest silence. *Cel.* I am charmd sir,
And if you scape embassador, you cannot
Reach a preferment, wherein I'me against you,
But where's sir *William Sentlove*?
Ha. Give him leav̄e
To follow his nose Madam, while he hunts
In view, hee'le soone be at a fault. *Cel.* You know him.
Ha. Know *Sentlove*? not a page but can decipher him,
The waitingwomen know him to a scruple,
Hee's cal'd the Blistermaker of the towne.
Cel. Whats that?
Ha. The laundry Ladies can resolv̄e you,
And you may guesse, an arrant Epicure
As this day lives, borne to a prettie wit,
A Knight but no gentleman, J must
Be plaine to you, your Ladiship may have

Vse of this knowledge, but conceale the author.
Sen. I kisse your fairest hand. *Mar.* You make a difference,
Pray reconcile e'm to an equall whitenesse.
Sent. You wound my meaning Lady.
Cel. Nay sir *William*
Has the art of complement. *Sent.* Madam, you honor mē
'Bove my desert of language. *Cel.* Will you please
To enrich me with your knowledge of that gentleman.
Sent. Doe you not know him Madam. *Cel.* What is he?
Sen. A Camphire ball, you shall know more hereafter
He shall tell you himselfe, and save my character.
Till then, you see hee's proud.
Cel One thing gentlemen
I obserue in your behaviour, which is rare
In two that court one mistresse, you preserve
A noble friendship, theres no gum within
Your hearts, you cannot fret, or shew an envy
Of one anothers hope, some would not governe
Their passions with that temper. *Sent.* The whole world
Shanot divorce our friendship. Mr. *Haircut*
Would I had lives to serve him, he is lost
To goodnesse does not honour him. *Ha.* My knight!
Cel. This is right playing at Court Shuttlecocke.

Enter Gentlew.

Gen. Madam, there is a gentleman desires
To speake w'ee, one sir *Thomas Bornwell.* *Cel. Bornewell?*
Gen. He sayes he is a stranger to your Ladiship.
Sen. I know him. *Haire.* Your neighbour Madam.
Sen. Husband to the Lady, that so revells in the strand.
Ha. He has good parts they say, but cannot helpe
His Ladies bias. *Cel.* They have both much fame
'Ith towne for severall merits, pray admit him.
Ha. What comes he for? *Enter sir Thomas.*
Bo. Your pardon noble Lady, that I have
Presum'd a stranger to your knowledge. *Cel.* Sir,
Your worth was here before you, and your person
Cannot be here ingratefull. *Bor.* Tis the bounty
Of your sweet disposition Madam, make me

Your servant Lady by her faire example,
To favour me ---- I never knew one turne
Her cheeke to a gentleman that came to kisse her
But sha'd a stinking breath, your servant gentlemen,
Will Sentlove how ist? *Cel.* I am sorry Coze
To accuse you, we in nothing more betray
Our selves to censure of ridiculous pride,
Then answering a faire salute too rudely,
Oh it shewes ill upon a gentlewoman
Not to returne the modest lip, if she
Would have the world beleeve, her breath is not
Offensive. *Bor.* Madam, I have businesse
With you. *Sent.* His lookes are pleasant. *Cel.* With me sir?
Bor. I heare you have an ex'lent wit Madam,
I see your faire *Cel.* The first is but report,
And doe not trust your eyesight for the last,
Cause I presume y'are mortall and may erre.
Ha. He is very gamesome. *Bor.* Y'ave an ex'lent voyce;
They say you catcht it from a dying Swan,
Which joyn'd to the sweete harmony of your lute,
You ravish all mankind. *Cel.* Ravish mankind?
Bo. With their consent. *Cel.* It were the stranger rape,
But there's the lesse inditement lies against it,
And there is hope, your little honesties
Cannot be much the worse, for men doe rather
Beleeve they had a maiden head, then put
Themselves to'th racke of memory, how long
Tis since they left the burden of their innocence.
Bo. Why you are bitter Madam. *Cel.* So is physicke,
I doe not know your constitution.
Bo. You shall if please you Madam. *Cel.* Y'are too hasty,
I must examine what certificate
You have, first to preferre you. *Bo.* Fine! certificate?
Cel. Vnder your Ladies hand, and seale. *Bor.* Go to,
I see you are a wag. *Cel.* But take heede, how
You trust too't. *Bor.* I can love you in my wedlocke,
As well as that young gallant, oth first haire,
Or the knight Bachelor, and can returne

As amorous delight to thy soft bosome.
Cel. Your person and your language are both strangers.
Bo. But may be more familiar, I have those
That dare make affidavit for my body.
Cel. D'ee meane your *Surgeon*? *Bor.* My Surgeon Madam?
I know not how you value my abilities,
But I dare undertake, as much, to expresse
My service to your Ladiship, and with
As fierce ambition, fly to your commands,
As the most valiant of these, lay siege to you. (stifi't.
Cel. You dare not sir. *Bor.* How Madam? *Cel.* I will ju-
You dare not marry me, and I imagine
Some here should I consent, would fetch a priest
Out of the fire. *Bor.* I have a wife indeede.
Cel. And there's a statute not repeald I take it.
Bor. Yar e in the right I must confesse y'ave hit,
And bled me in a master veine. *Cel.* You thinke
I tooke you on the advantage, use your best
Skill at defence, Ile come up to your valour
And shew another worke you dare not doe,
You dare not sir be vertuous. *Bor.* I dare,
By this faire hand, I dare, and aske a pardon
If my rude words offend thy innocence,
Which in a forme so beautifull, would shine
To force a blush in them suspected it,
And from the rest draw wonder. *Ha.* I like not
Their secret parly, shall I interrupt em?
Is. By no meanes sir. *Sent.* Sir *Thomas* was not wont
To shew so much a Courtier. *Mar.* He cannot
Be prejudiciall to you, suspect not
Your owne deserts so much, hee's married.
Bo. I have other businesse Madam, you keepe musicke,
I came to try how you can dance.
Cel. You did? Ile trie his humour out of breath,
Although I boast no cunning sir in revells,
If you desire to shew your art that way,
I can waite on you. *Bor.* You much honour me,
Nay all must joyne to make a harmony,

They

They dance.

Bor. I have nothing now, Madam, but to beseech
After a pardon for my boldnesse, you
Would give occasion to pay my gratitude,
I have a house will be much honourd
If you vouchsafe your presence, and a wife
Desires to present her selfe your servant,
I Came with the ambition to invite you,
Deny me not your person, you shall trust
On faire securitie. *Cel.* Sir, although I use not
This freedome with a stranger, you shall have
No cause to hold me obstinate. *Bor.* You grace me
Sir *William Sentlove*--- *Ha.* I must take my leave,
You will excuse me Madam, Court attendances ----
Cel. By any meanes. *Bor.* Ladies you will vouchsafe
Your company. *Ff.* M. We waite upon you sir. *Exunt.*

The third Act.

Enter Lord unready. Haircut preparing his Periwigge, Table, and Lookingglasse.

Lor. What houre ist? *Ha.* Bout three'a clocke my Lord.
Bor. Tis time to rise. *Ha.* Your Lordship went but late
To bed last night. *Lor.* Twas early in the morning. *Enter Secre.*
Sec. Expect a while, my Lord is busie?
Lor. Whats the matter? *Sec.* Here is a Lady
Desires accesse to you upon some affaires
She saies may specially concerne your Lordship.
Lor. A Lady? What her name? *Sec.* Madam *Decoy.*
Lor. Decoy? prethee admit her. *Enter Decoy.*
Have you businesse Madam
With me? *Decoy.* And such I hope as will not be
Offensive to your Lordship. *Lor.* I pray speake it.
De. I would desire your Lordships eare more private.
Lor. Waite i'th next chāber till I call, now Madam. *Exeunt.*
De. Although I am a stranger to your Lordship
I wo'd not lose a faire occasion offer'd.
To shew how much I honour, and would serve you.
Lor. Please you to give me the particular

That I may know the extent of my engagement,
I am ignorant by what desert you should
Be encouragd to have care of me. *De.* My Lord,
I will take boldnesse to be plaine, beside
Your other excellent parts, you have much fame
For your sweet inclination to our sexe. (Lordship
Lor. How dee meane Madam? *Dec.* I that way yo
Hath honorably practisd upon some
Not to be nam'd, your noble constancie
To a mistresse hath deserv'd our generall vote,
And I a part of woman kind have thought
How to expresse my duty. *Lor.* In what Madam?
Dec. Be not so strange my Lord, I know the beauty
And pleasures of your eyes, that handsome creature
With whose faire life all your delight tooke leave,
And to whose memory you have paid too much (i
Sad tribute. *Lor.* Whats all this? *Dec.* This, if your Lo
Accept my service, in pure zeale to cure
Your melancholy, I could point where you might
Repaire your losse. *Lor.* Your Ladiship I conceive
Doth trafficke in flesh marchandize. *De.* To men
Of honour like your selfe, I am well knowne
To some in court, and come not with ambition
Now to supplant your officer. *Lor.* What is
The Lady of pleasure you preferre. *De.* A Lady
Of birth and fortune, one upon whose vertue
I may presume, the Lady *Aretina*.
Lor. Wife to sir *Thomas Bornwell*? *Dec.* The same sir.
Lor. Have you prepard her?
De. Not for your Lordship, till I have found your pulse,
I am acquainted with her disposition
She has a very appliable nature.
Lor. And Madam when expect you to be whipt
For doing these fine favors. *De.* How my Lord?
Your Lordship does but jeast I hope, you make
A difference betweene a Lady that
Does honorable offices, and one
They call a bawd, your Lordship was not wont

To have such course opinion of our practise.
Lor. The Lady *Aretina* is my kinswoman.
De. What if she be my Lord? the nearer bloud
The dearer sympathie. *Lor.* Ile have thee carted.
De. Your Lordship wonot so much staine your honour
And education, to use a woman
Of my qualitie.---- *Lord.*---- Tis possible you may
Be sent off with an honorable convoy
Of Halberdeers. *De.* Oh my good Lord!
Lor. Your Ladiship shall be no protection
If thou but stai'st three minutes. *De.* I am gone,
When next you finde rebellion in your bloud,
May all within ten mile o'th court turne honest. *Exit.*
Lor. I doe not finde that proneness since the faire
Bella Maria died, my bloud is cold;
Nor is there beautie enough surviving
To highten me to wantonnesse, who waites?
And what said my Lady? *Enter Haivecut.*
Ha. The silent language of her face my Lord
Was not so pleasant, as it shewd upon
Her entrance. *Lor.* Would any man that meetes
This Lady take her for a bawde. *Ha.* She does
The trade an honor, credit to the profession,
We may in time see baldnesse, quarter noses,
And rotten legges to take the wall of footclothes.
Lor. I ha thought better, call the Lady backe,
I wonot lose this opportunitie,
Bid her not feare, the favour is not common,
And ile reward it. I doe wonder much
Will Sentlove was not here to day.
Ha. I heard him say this morning, he would waite
Vpon your Lordship.
She is returnd sir. *Enter Secre. and Decoy.*
Sec. Madam be confident my Lords not angry.
Bor. You returne welcome Madam, you are better
Read in your art I hope then to be frighted
With any shape of anger, when you bring
Such newes to gentlemen, Madam you shall

Soone understand how I accept the office.

De. You are the first Lord, since I studied carriage,
That shew'd such infidelity and fury
Vpon so kind a message, every gentleman
Will shew some breeding, but if one right honourable
Should not have noble bloud. *Lor.* You shall returne
My complement in a letter to my Lady
Aretina, favour me with a little patience,
Shew her that chamber. *De.* Ile attend your Lordship.

Lor. Write. Madam where your honour is in danger,
My love must not be silent. *Enter Sentlove and Kickshaw.*

Sentlove and *Kickshaw*! *Kic.* Your Lordship's busie.

Lor. Writing a letter, may it shan not barre
Any discourse. *Sec.* ---- Silent. (bloud.

Lo. Though I be no Phyfitian, I may prevent a feaver in your
And where have you spent the mornings conversation?

Sent. Where you would have given the best Barbary
In your stable to have met on honorable termes.

Lor. What new beautie? You acquaint your selves
With none but wonders. *Sent.* 'Tis too low a miracle.

Lor. 'Twill require a strong faith. *Secr.* Your bloud.

Lor. If you be innocent preserve your fame least this *Decoy*
Madam betray it to your repentance.
By what name is she knowne?

Sent. Aske *Alexander*, he knowes her? *Alex.* Whom?

Sent. The Lady *Celestina*.

Lor. He has a vast knowledge of Ladies, las poore *Alexander*!
When dost thou meane thy body shall lie fallow?

Al When there is mercy in a petticote,
I must turne pilgrime for some breath. *Lor.* I thinke
Twere cooler travell if you examine it
Vpon the hoofe through Spaine.

Sent. Through *Ethiopia*.

Lor. Nay lesse laborious to serve a prentiship
In Peru, and dig gold out of the mine,
Where all the yeare is dogdayes. *Sec.* To repentance,

Lor. In briefe, this Lady, could you fall from vertue,
Within my knowledge will not blush to be a Bawde.

Sent. But hang't tis honorable journey worke,
Thou art famous by't, and thy name up. *Alex.* So sir,
Let me aske you a question my deare knight,
Which is lesse servile to bring up the Pheasant,
And waite, or sit at table uncontrould
And carve to my owne appetite? *Sent.* No more,
Th'art witty, as I am —. *Sec.* A bawds. *Sent.* How's that?
Al. Oh you are famous by't, and your names up sir.
Lor. Be wise, and reward my caution, with
Timely care of your selfe, so I shall not repent
To be knowne your lovings kinsman and servant.
Gentlemen, the Lady *Celestina*
Is she so rare a thing? *Alex.* If you'le have my
Opinion my Lord, I never saw
So sweete, so faire, so rich a peece of nature.
Lor. Ile shew thee a fairer presently, to shame
Thy eyes and judgement, looke o'that. — So Ile subscribe
Seale it, ile excuse your pen for the direction.
Al. *Bella Maria* picture; she was handsome.
Sent. But not to be compar'd.
Lor. Your patience gentlemen ile returne instantly. *Exit.*
Al. Whither is my Lord gone?
Sec. To a Lady i'th next Chamber. *Sen.* What is she?
Sec. You shall pardon me, I am his Secretary.
Sen. I was wont to be of his counsell, a new officer.
And I not know't, I am resolvd to batter
All other with the praise of *Celestina*
I must retaine him. *Enter Lord.*
Lor. Has not that object
Convinc't your erring judgements.
Al. What this picture?
Lor. Were but your thoughts as capable as mine
Of your Idea, you would wish no thought
That were not active in her praise, above
All worth and memory of her sexe. *Sent.* She was faire
I must confesse, but had your Lordship look'd
With eyes more narrow and some lesse affection
Vpon her face. *Alex.* I doe not love the copies

Of any dead, they make me dreame of goblins,
Give me a living mistresse, with but halfe
The beauty of *Celestina*, come my Lord,
Tis pitty that a Lord of so much flesh
Should waste upon a ghost, when they are living
Can give you a more honourable consumption.

Sen. Why doe you meane my Lord to live an Infidell?
Doe, and see what will come on't, observe still
And dote upon your vigills, build a chamber
Within a rocke, a tombe, among the wormes,
Not farre off, where you may in proofe apocryphall
Court em not devoure the pretty pile.
Of flesh your mistresse carried to the grave,
There are no women in the world, all eyes
And tongue and lippes are buried in her coffin.

Lor. Why doe you thinke, your selves competent Judges,
Of beauty gentlemen? *Both.* What should hinder us?

Al. I have seene and tried as many as another
With a mortall backe. *Lord.* Your eyes are bribd,
And your hearts chain'd to some desires, you cannot
Enjoy the freedome of a sence. *Alex.* Your Lordship
Has a cleare eyesight, and can judge and penetrate.

Lor. I can, and give a perfect censure of
Each line and point, distinguish beautie from
A thousand formes, which your corrupted optiks
Would passe for naturall. *Sent.* I desire no other
Judge should determine us, and if your Lordship
Dare venture but your eyes upon this Lady,
Ile stand their justice, and be confident
You shall give *Celestine* victorie,
And triumph ors all beauties past and living.

Al. I dare my Lord venture a sute of clothes,
You will be orecome. *Lor.* You doe not know my fortit
Sent. Nor frailtie, you dare not trust you selfe to see her
Lor. Thinke you so gentlemen, I dare see this creature
To make you know your errors, and the difference
Of her, whose memory is my Saint, not trust
My sences? I dare see and speake with her,

Which

Which holds the best acquaintance to prepare
My visit to her.
Sent. I will doo't my Lord.
Al. Shee is a Lady free in entertainements.
Lor. I would give this advantage to your cause,
Bid him appeare in all the ornaments
Did ever waite on beautie, all the riches
Pride can put on, and teach her face more charme
Then ever Poet dreſt up *Venus* in,
Bid her be all the graces, and the queene
Of love in one, Ile see her *Sentlove*, and
Bring off my heart arm'd, but single thought
Of one that is dead, without a wound, and when
I have made your follie prisoner, ile laugh at you.
Sent. She shall expect you, trust to me for knowledge.
Lor. I'me for the present somewhere else engagd,
Let me heare from you. *Sent.* So I am glad hee's yet
So neere conversion. *Alex.* I am for *Aretina*.
Sent. No mention of my Lord. *Alex.* Prepare his Lady,
Tis time he were reduc'd to the old sport,
One Lord like him more would undoe the court. *Exit.*

Enter Aretina with a letter. Decoy.

De. He is the ornament of your bloud Madam,
I am much bound to his Lordship. *Are.* He gives you
A noble character. *De.* Tis his goodnesse Madam.
Are. I wanted such an engine, my Lord has
Done me a curtesie to discloſe her nature,
I now know one to trust, and will employ her.
Touching my Lord, for reasons, which I shall
Offer to your Ladiship hereafter, I
Desire you would be silent, but to shew
How much I dare be confident in your secrecie,
I powre my bosome forth, I love a gentleman
On whom there woo'not meet much conjuration
To meet --- your eare. ---
De. I apprehend you, and I shall
Be happy to be serviceable, I am sorry
Your Ladiship did not know me before now,

I have done offices, and not a few
Of the nobilitie, but have done feates
Within my house, which is 'convenient
For situation, and artfull chambers,
And pretty pictures to provoke the fancie.

Enter Littleworth.

Lit. Madam all pleasures languish in your absence.
Are. Your pardon a few minutes sir---- you must
Contrive it thus. *Lit.* I attend, and shall account it
Honour to waite on your returne. *Are.* He must not
Have the least knowledge of my name, or person.
De. I have practis'd that already for some great ones,
And dare agen to satisfie you Madam;
I have a thousand wayes to doe sweet offices.
Lit. If this Lady *Aretina* should be honest,
I ha lost time, shee's free as aire, J must
Have closer conference, and if I have art,
Make her affect me in revenge. *De.* This evening?
Leave me to manage things. *Are.* You will oblige me.
De. You shall commend my art, and thanke me after. *Ex.*
Are. I hope the revells are maintained within.
Lit. By sir *Thomas* and his Mistris. *Are.* How? his Mistris.
Lit. The Lady *Celestina*, I nere saw
Eyes shoote more amorous enterchange. *Are.* Ist so?
Lit. He weares her favor with ore pride. *Ar.* Her favor?
Lit. A feather that he ravish'd from her fan.
Lit. And is so full of courtship, which she smiles on.
Are. Tis well. *Lit.* And praises her beyond all poetry.
Are. I'me glad he has so much wit. *Lit.* Not jealous!
Are. This secures me, what would make other Ladies pale
With jealousie, gives but a licence to my wandrings,
Let him now taxe me if he dare---and yet
Her beauti's worth my envie, and I wish
Revenge upon it, not because he loves,
But that it shines above my owne. *Enter Alex.*
Al. Deare Madam.
Are. I have it, you two gentlemen professe
Much service to me, if I have a way.

To

To employ your wit and secrecie. *Both.* You le honour us.
Are. You gave a high and worthy character
Of *Celestina.* *Alex.* I remember Madam.
Are. Doe either of you love her? *Alex.* Not I Madam.
Lit. I wod not, if I might. *Are.* Shee's now my guest,
And by a tricke invited by my husband
To disgrace me, you gentlemen are held
Wits of the towne, the Consulls that doe governe
The Senate here, whose jeeres are all authenticke,
The Tavernes and the Ordinaries are
Made academies where you come, and all
Your sinnes and surfets made the times example,
Your very nods can quell a Theater,
No speech or Poem good without your seale,
You can protect scurrility, and publish
By your authority beleev'd, no rapture
Ought to have honest meaning. *Alex.* Leave our characters.
Lit. And name the employment. *Are.* You must exercise
The strength of both your wits upon this Lady,
And talke her into humblenesse or anger
Both which are equall to my thought, if you
Dare undertake this slight thing for my sake,
My favour shall reward it, but be faithfull,
And seeme to let all spring from your owne freedome.
Ale. This all? We can defame her, if you please
My friend shall call her whore or any thing,
And never be endangerd to a duell. *Are.* How's that?
Al. He can endure a cudgelling, and no man
Will fight after so faire a satisfaction,
But leave us to our Art, and doe not limit us.
Are. They are here, begin not till I whisper you.

Enter sir Thomas, Celestina, Marcana, Isabella.

Ar. *Je vous prie Madam d'excuser l'importunitè de mes affaires Qui m'ont fait offenser, par mon absence, une dame de laquelle I'ay receu tant d'obligation.*

Cel. *Pardonnez moy Madame; vous me faictez trop d'honneur.*

Are. *C'est bien de la douceur de vostre naturel que vous tenez Ceste language; mais j'espere que mon mary n'a pas*

Manquè de vous entretenir en mon absence.

Ce. *En verité Monsieur nous a fort obligè*

Are. *Il eut trop failly, s'il n'eust taschè de tout son pouvoir à vous rendre toutes sortes de services.*

Cel. *C'est de sa bontè qu'il nous a tant favorisè.*

Ar. *De la vostre plustost Madame que vous fait donner D'interpretation si benigne à ses efforts.*

Cel. *Ie voy bien que la victoire sera toutsjours à Madame, & de language, & de la courtesie.*

Are. *Vrayement Madame, que jamais personne à plus desirè, L'honneur de vostre compagnie, que moy.*

Cel. *Laissons en je vous supplie, des compliments & permettez à vostre servante de vous baiser les mains.*

Are. *Vous m'obligez trop.*

Bo. I have no more patience, lets be merry agen
In our owne language, Madam our mirth cooles,
Our Nephew! *Enter Fredericke.*

Are. Passion of my braine. (done.

Fre. Save you gentlemen, save you Ladies. *Are.* I am un-

Fre. I must salute, no matter at which end I begin.

Are. There's a complement.

Cel. Is this your nephew Madam?

Are. Ie vous prie Madame d excuser les habitz, & le rude Comportement de mon cousin. Il est tout fraischement Venu de l universitè, ou on l'a tout gastè.

Cel. Excusez moy Madam, il est bien accomply.

Fre. This language should be French, by the motions (nor'd.
Of your heads, and the mirth of your faces. *Are.* I am disho-

Fre. Tis one of the finest tongues for Ladies to shew their
Teeth in, If you'le Latine I am for you, or Greeke it,
My tailor has not put me into French yet,
Mille basia, basia mille.

Cel. *Ie ne vous entende pas monsieur,*
I understand you not sir. *Fre.* Why so?
You and I then shall be in charity,
For though we should be abusive, we ha the benefit
Not to understand one another: where's my Aunt?
I did heare musicke somewhere, and my braines

Tun'd

Tun'd with a bottle of your capering claret
Made haste to shew their dancing. *Lit.* Please you Madam,
They are very comfortable. *St.* Alas Madam
How would you have me helpe it, I did use
All meanes I could, after he heard the musicke,
To make him drunke in hope so to containe him,
But the wine made him lighter, and his head
Flew hi'ther, ere I mist his heeles.
Ale. Nay he spoke Latine to the Lady.
Are. Oh most unpardonable! get him off
Quickly, and discreetely, or if I live ----
St. Tis not in my power, he sweares I am
An absurd sober fellow, and if you keepe
A servant in his house to crosse his humour,
When the rich sword and belt comes home, hee'le kill him.
Are. What shall I doe? Try your skill, Master *Littleworth*.
Lit. He has ne're a sword, sweet Mr. *Fredericke*.
Bo. Tis pitty Madam such a syen should
Be lost, but you are clouded. *Cel.* Not I sir,
I never found my selfe more cleare at heart.
Bo. I could play with a feather, your fan Lady,
Gentlemen, *Aretina*, ta ra ra ra, come Madam.
Fre. Why my good tutor in election?
You might have beene a scholler. *Lit.* But I thanke
My friends they brought me up a little better,
Give me the towne wits, that deliver jeasts
Cleane from the bow, that whistle in the aire,
And cleave the pin at twelve score, Ladies doe
But laugh at a gentleman that has any learning.
Tis sinne enough to have your clothes suspected,
Leave us, and I will find a time to instruct you;
Come here are sugar plumbes, tis a good *Fredericke*.
Fre Why is not this my Aunts house in the strand?
The noble Rendevous? Who laughes at me?
Go, I will root here, if I list, and talke
Of Retoricke, Logicke, Latine, Greeke, or any thing,
And understand 'em too, who sayes the contrary?
Yet in a faire way I contemne all learning,

And will be as ignorant as he, or he,
Or any taffata, satten, scarlet, plush,
Tissue, or cloath, a bodkin gentleman,
Whose manners are most gloriously infected;
Did you laugh at me Lady? *Cel.* Not I sir?
But if I did shew mirth upon your question,
I hope you wod not beate me little gentleman.
Fr. How little gentleman? you dare not say
These words to my new cloathes, and fighting sword.
Are. Nephew *Fredericke*! *Fr.* Little gentleman,
This an affront both to my bloud and person,
I am a gentleman of as tall a birth
As any boast nobility, though my clothes
Smell o'the lampe, my coate is honourable,
Right honourable, full, of or, and argent,
A little gentleman! *Bor.* Coze you must be patient,
My Lady meant you no dishonour, and
You must remember shee's a woman.
Fre. Is she a woman, thats another matter,
Dee heare, my uncle tells me what you are.
Cel. So sir. *Fr.* You cald me little gentleman. *Cel.* I did sir.
Fre. A little pinke has made a lusty ship
Strike her topsaile, the Crow may beard the Elephant,
A whelpe may tame the Tiger, spight of all
False decks and murderers, and a little gentleman
Be hard enough to grapple with your Ladiship
Top and top gallant; will you goe drinke uncle?
Tother inchanted bottle, you and I
Will tiple, and talke phylosophy.
Bo. Come Nephew,
You will excuse a minutes absence Madam.
Waite you on us. *St.* My duty sir.
Are. Now gentlemen. *Ex. all but Cel. & Alex. & Little.*
Alex. Madam I had rather you accuse my language
For speaking truth, then vertue suffer in
My further silence, and it is my wonder
That you, whose noble carriage hath deserv'd
All honour, and opinion should now

Be guilty of ill manners. *Cel.* What was that
You told me sir? *Lit.* Doe you not blush Madam?
To aske that question. *Cel.* You amaze rather
My cheeke to paleneſſe, what you meane by this?
I am not troubled with the hickup gentlemen,
You ſhould beſtow this fright upon me. *Lit.* Then
Pride and ill memory goe together. *Cel.* How ſir?
Al. The gentleman on whom you exerciſe
Your thin wit, was a nephew to the Lady
Whoſe gueſt you are, and though her modeſty
Looke calme on the abuſe of one ſo neare
Her bloud, the affront was impious. *Lit.* I am aſham'd on't,
You an ingenious Lady, and well mannerd?
Ile teach a Beare as much civility.
Cel. You may be maſter of the Colledge ſir
For ought I know. *Lit.* What Colledge? Of the Beares.
Cel. Have you a plot upon me? Dee poſſeſſe
Your wits, or know me gentlemen. *Enter Bornewell.*
Bor. How's this?
Al. Know you? yes we doe know you to an atome.
Li. Madam we know, what ſtuffe your ſoule is made on.
Cel. But doe not barke ſo like a maſtive, pray,
Sure they are mad, let your braines ſtand awhile
And ſettle gentlemen, you know not me,
What am I? *Lit.* Tha'rt a puppet, a thing made
Of clothes and painting, and not halfe ſo hanſome
As that which plaid *Suſanna* in the faire.
Cel. I heard you viſited thoſe canvas tragedies,
One of their conſtant audience, and ſo taken
With *Suſan*, that you wiſhd your ſelfe a rivall
With the two wicked elders. *Al.* You thinke this
Is wit now, come you are--- *Cel.* What I beſeech you?
Your character will be full of ſalt and ſatyre,
No doubt, what am I? *Al.* Why you are a woman.
Cel. And that's at leaſt a bow wide of you knowledge.
Al. Wo'd be thought hanſome, and might paſſe i'th country
Vpon a market day, but miſerably
Forfeit to pride and faſhions, that if heaven

Were

Were a new gowne, you'd not stay in't a fortnight.
Cel. It must be miserably out of fashion then,
Have I no sinne but pride? *Al.* Hast any vertue?
Or but a good face to excuse that want?
Cel. You prais'd it yesterday. *Al.* That made you proud.
Cel. More pride? *Al.* You neede not to close up the praise,
I have seene a better countenance in a Sibill.
Cel. When you wore spectacles of sacke, mistooke
The painted cloath, and kist it for your mistresse.
Al. Let me aske you a question, how much
Have you consum'd in expectation
That I would love you. *Cel.* Why? I thinke as much
As you have paid a way in honest debts
This seven yeare, tis a pretty impudence,
But cannot make me angry. *Lit.* Is there any
Man that will cast away his limbes upon her?
Al. You doe not sing so well as I imagind,
Nor dance, you reele in your coranto, and pinch
Your petticoate too hard, y'ave no good eare
Toth' musicke, and incline too much one shoulder,
As you were dancing on the rope, and falling,
You speake abominable French, and make
A courtsey like a Dairie maide, not mad?
Lit. Doe we not sting her handsomely *Bor.* A conspiracie.
Al. Your state is not so much as tis reported
When you conferre notes, all your husbands debts
And your owne reconcild---- but thats not it
Will so much spoile your marriage. *Cel.* As what sir?
Let me know all my faults. *Al.* Some men doe whisper
You are not over honest. *Cel.* All this shall not
Move me to more than laughter, and some pittie,
Because you have the shapes of gentlemen,
And though you have beene insolent upon me,
I will engage no friend to kicke or cudgell you
To spoile your living, and your limbes together,
I leave that to diseases that offend you,
And spare my curse, poore silken Vermine, and
Hereafter shall distinguish Men from Monkies.

Bor.

Bo. Brave soule, you brace of horseleaches, I have heard
Their barbarous language Madam, ya're too mercifull,
They shall be silent to your tongue, pray punish e'm.
Cel. They are things not worth my character, nor mention
Of any cleane breath, so lost in honesty
They cannot satisfie for wrongs enough,
Though they should steale out of the world at Tiburne.
Lit. We are hang'd already.
Cel. Yet I will talke a little to the pilchards,
You two that have not twixt you both the hundred
Part of a soule, course woollen witted fellowes,
Without a nap, with bodies made for burdens,
You that are onely stuffings for apparrell
As you were made but engines for your Taylors
To frame their clothes upon, and get them custome;
Vntill men see you moove, yet, then you dare not
Out of your guilt of being the ignobler beast
But give a horse the wall, whom you excell
Onely in dancing of the brawles, because
The horse was not taught the French way, your two faces,
One fat like Christmas, tother leane like Candlemas,
And Prologue to a Lent, both bound together
Would figure *Ianus*, and doe many cures
On Agues and the greene disease by frighting,
But neither can with all the characters
And conjuring circles charme a woman, though
Sha'd fourescore yeares upon her, and but one
Tooth in her head, to love, or thinke well of you;
And I were miserable, to be at cost
To court such a complexion, as your malice
Did impudently insinuate, but I waste time
And staine my breath in talking to such tadpoles.
Goe home and wash your tongues in Barly water
Drinke cleane Tobacco, be not hot i'th mouth,
And you may scape the Beadle; so I leave you
To shame and your owne garters. Sir I must
Entreate you for my honour doe not pennance em,
They are not worth your anger, how I shall
Acquit your Ladies silence.

Bo. Madam, I
Am sorry to suspect, and dare revenge.
Cel. No cause of mine. *Bor.* It must become me to attend
Cel. You are noble --- farewell Mushroomes. (you home.
Are. Is she gone. *Li.* I thinke we peperd her.
Al. I am glad tis over,
But I repent no service for you Madam.

Enter servant with a letter.

To me? from whence --- a Iewell a good preface,
Be happy the conclusion.
Are. Some love letter ——— *He smiles upont.*
Lit. He has a hundred Mistresses, you may
Be charitable Madam I ha none,
He surfets, and I fall away i'th kidnyes.
Al. Ile meete,
Tis some great Lady questionlesse, that has
Taken notice, and would satisfie her appetite.
Are. Now Mr. *Alexander*, you looke bright o'the suddaine,
Another spirit's in your eye.
Al. Not mine Madam,
Onely a summons to meete a friend.
Ar. What friend? *Lit.* By this Jewell, I know her not!
Ar. Tis a she friend, Ile follow gentlemen,
We may have a game at Sant before you goe.
Al. I shall attend you Madam *Li.* Tis our duty.
Are. I blush while I converse with my owne thoughts,
Some strange fate governes me, but I must on,
The wayes are cast already, and we thrive
When our sinne feares no eye nor perspective. *Exit.*

The fourth Act.

Enter two men leading Alexander, blinded, and goe off suddenly.

Al. I am not hurt, my patience to obey em
Not without feare to ha my throat cut else,
Did me a curtesie whither ha they brought me?
Tis devillish darke, the bottome of a well
At midnight, with but two starres on the top,
Were broad day to this darkenesse, I but thinke
How like a whirlewinde these rogues caught me up

Aud

And smoothered my eyesight, let me see,
These may be spirits, and for ought I know
Have brought me hither over twenty steeples,
Pray heaven they were not Bayliefes, thats more worth
My feare, and this a prison, all my debts
Reeke in my nostrill, and my bones beginne
To ake with feare to be made dice, and yet
This is too calme and quiet for a prison;
What if the riddle prove I am robd; and yet
I did not feele em search me? How now? musicke?

Enter Decoy like an old woman with a light.

And a light? What beldam's this, I cannot pray;
What art? *De.* A friend, feare not young man I am
No spirit. *Alex.* Off. *De.* Despise me not for age,
Or this course outside, which I weare not out
Of poverty; thy eyes be witnesse, tis
No cave or beggars cell tha'rt brought too, let
That gold speake here's no want, which thou maist spend,
And finde a spring to tire even prodigality
If thou beest wise. *Alex.* The devill was a coyner
From the beginning, yet the gold lookes currant.

De. Tha'rt still in wonder, know I am Mistresse of
This house, and of a fortune that shall serve
And feed thee with delights, twas I sent for thee,
The jewell and the letter came from me,
It was my art, thus to contrive our meeting,
Because I would not trust thee with my fame,
Vntill I found thee worth a womans honor.

Al. Honour and fame? the devill meanes to have
A care on's credit, though she sent for me,
I hope, she has another customer
To doe the tricke withall, I wod not turne
Familiar to a witch. *De.* What saist? Canst thou
Dwell in my armes to night, shall we change kisses,
And entertaine the silent houres with pleasure?
Such as old time shall be delighted with,
And blame the too swifte motion of his wings
While we embrace. *Al.* Embrace? she has had no teeth
This twenty yeares, and the next violent cough

Brings up her tongue, it cannot possibly
Be sound at root, I doe not thinke but one
Strong sneeze upon her, and well mean't would make
Her quarters fall away, one kicke would blow
Her up like gunpowder, and loose all her limbs;
She is so cold, an *Incubus* wod not heate her,
Her phlegme would quench a furnace, and her breath
Would dampe a musket bullet. *De.* Have you sir
Considerd. *Alex.* What? *De.* My proposition,
Canst love? *Alex.* I could have done, whom doe you meane?
I know you are pleas'd, but to make sport. *De.* Thou art not
So dull of soule as thou appearst. *Alex.* This is
But some device, my granam has some tricke in't:
Yes I can love. *De.* But canst thou affect me.
Al. Although to reverence so grave a matron
Were an ambitious word in me, yet since
You give me boldnesse, I doe love you. *De.* Then
Thou art my owne. *Al.* Has she no cloven foote?
De. And I am thine and all that I command
Thy servants, from this minute thou art happy,
And fate in thee will crowne all my desires.
I griev'd a proper man should be compeld
To bring his body to the common market,
My wealth shall make thee glorious, and the more
To encourage thee, how ere this forme may fright
Thy youthfull eyes, yet thou wo't find by light
Of thy owne sense, for other light is banish'd
My chamber, when our armes tie lovers knots,
And kisses seale the welcome of our lippes,
I shall not there affright thee, nor seeme old,
With riveld veines, my skin is smooth and softe,
As *Ermines*, with a spirit to meete thine,
Active and equall to the queene of Loves
When she did court *Adonis*. *Al.* This doth more
Confirme she is a devill, and I am
Within his owne dominions, I must on,
Or else be torne a peeces, I have heard
These Succubi must not be crost. *De.* We trifle
Too precious time away, Ile shew you a prospect

Of the next chamber, and then out the candle.
Al. Have you no sacke i'th house, I would goe arm'd
Vpon this breach. *De.* It shanot need. *Al.* One word
Mother, have not you beene a Cat in your dayes?
De. I am glad you are so merry sir, you observe
That bed. *Alex.* A very brave one. *De.* When you are
Disrob'd, you can come thither in the darke,
You shanot stay for me, come as you wish
For happinesse. *Exit.*
Al. I am preferd, if I
Be modest and obey, she cannot have
The heart to doe me harme, and she were *Hecate*
Herselfe, I will have a strong faith, and thinke,
I march upon a Mistris, the lesse evill,
If I scape fire now, I defie the devill. *Exit.*

Enter Fred. Littlew. Steward.

Fre. And how dee like me now? *St.* Most excellent.
Fre. Your opinion Mr. *Littlewor.* *Lit.* Your French tailor
Has made you a perfect gentleman, I may
Converse now with you; and preserve my credit,
De'e find no alteration in your body
With these new clothes? *Fre.* My body altered? No.
Lit. You are not yet in fashion then, that must
Have a new motion garbe, and posture too,
Or all your pride is cast away, it is not
The cut of your apparrell makes a gallant,
But the geometricall wearing of your clothes.
St. Mr. *Littleworth* tells you right, you weare your hat
Too like a citizen. *Lit.* Tis like a Midwife,
Place it with best advantage of your haire,
Is halfe your feather molted? this does make
No shew, it should spread over like a Canopy,
Your hot reind Monsieur weares it for a shade,
And cooler to his backe, your doublet must
Be more unbutton'd hereabouts, you'le not
Be a sloven else, a foule shirt is no blemish,
You must be confident, and outface cleane linnen!
Your doublet and your breeches must be allow'd
No private meeting here, your cloak's too long,

It reaches to your buttocke, and doth smell
Too much of Spanish gravitie, the fashion
Is to weare nothing but a Cape, a coate
May be allowed a covering for one elbow,
And some to avoid the trouble, choose to walke
In quirpo thus. *St.* Your coat, and cloak's a brushing
In Long-lane Lumbard. *Fre.* But what if it raine?
Lit. Your belt about your shoulder is sufficient
To keepe off any storme, beside a reede
But wau'd discreetly, has so many pores,
It suckes up all the raine that falls about one,
With this defence, when other men have beene
Wet to the skin through all their cloakes, I have
Defied a tempest and walk'd by the Tavernes
Drie as a bone. *St.* Because he had no money
To call for wine. *Fr.* Why you doe walke enchanted,
Have you such pretty charmes in towne? But stay,
Who must I have to attend me? *Lit.* Is not that
Yet thought upon. *St.* I have laid out for servants.
Lit. They are every where. *St.* I cannot yet be furnish'd
With such as I would put into his hands.
Fr. Of what condition must they be, and how
Many in number sir? *Lit.* Beside your fencing,
Your singing, dancing, riding, and French-master,
Two may serve domesticke to be constant waiters
Vpon a gentleman, a foole, a pimpe.
St. For these two officers I have enquird,
And I am promisd a convenient whiskin,
I could save charges, and employ the Pye wench
That carries her intelligence in whitepots,
Or tis but taking order with the woman
That holds the ballads, she could fit him with
A concubin to any tune, but I
Have a designe to place a fellow with him
That has read all Sir *Pandarus* workes, a Trojan
That lies conceal'd, and is acquainted with
Both citty and suburbian fripperies
Can fetch em with a spell at midnight to him,
And warrant which are for his turne, can for

A neede supply the Surgeon too. *Fre.* I like
Thy providence, ... such a one deserves a livery twice a yeare.
St. It shanot need, a cast suite of your worships
Will serve, he'le find a cloke to cover it
Out of his share with those he brings to bed to you.
Fre. But must I call this fellow Pimpe? *Lit.* It is
Not necessary, or *Jacke*, or *Harry*,
Or what hees knowne abroad by will sound better,
That men may thinke he is a Christian.
Fre. But heare you Mr. *Littleworth*, is there not
A method, and degrees of title in
Men of this art. *Lit.* According to the honour
Of men that do employ em. An Emperour
May give this office to a Duke, A King
May have his Viceroy to negotiate for him,
A Duke may use a Lord, the Lord a Knight
A Knight may trust a gentleman, and when
They are abroad, and merry, gentlemen
May pimpe to one another. *Fre.* Good, good fellowship!
But for the foole now, that should waite on me,
And breake me jeasts. *Lit.* A foole is necessary.
St. By any meanes. *Fre.* But which of these two servants
Must now take place. *Lit.* That question Mr. *Fredericke*
The schoole of Heraldry should conclude upon;
But if my judgement may be heard, the foole
Is your first man, and it is knowne a point
Of state to have a foole. *St.* But sir the other
Is held the finer servant, his employments
Are full of trust, his person cleane, and nimble,
And none so soone can leape into preferment
Where fooles are poore. *Lit.* Not all, there's story for't,
Princes have beene no wiser than they should be,
Would any noble man, that were no foole
Spend all in hope of the Philosophers stone,
To buy new Lordships in another countrey,
Would Knights build Colledges, or gentlemen
Of good estates, challenge the field and fight
Because a whore wo'not be honest, come,
Fooles are a family over all the world;

We doe affect one naturally, indeede
The foole is Leiger with us. *St.* Then the Pimpe
Is extraordinary. *Fre.* Doe not you fall out
About their places; here's my noble Aunt! *Enter Aretina.*
Lit. How doe you like your nephew Madam now?
Are. Well, turne about *Fredericke*, very well.
Are. Am I not now a proper gentleman?
The vertue of rich clothes! now could I take
The wall of *Iulius Cæsar*, affront
Great *Pompeys* upperlip, and defie the Senate,
Nay I can be as proud as your owne heart Madam,
You may take that for your comfort; J put on
That vertue with my clothes, and J doubt not
But in a little time, J shall be impudent
As any Page or Players boy, J am
Beholding to this gentlemans good discipline,
But J shall doe him credit in my practise,
Your Steward has some pretty notions too
In morall mischiefe. *Are.* Your desert in this
Exceedes all other service, and shall bind me
Both to acknowledge, and reward. *Lit.* Sweet Madam!
Thinke me but worth your favour, J wo'd creepe
Vpon my knees to honour you, and for every
Minute you lend to my reward, ile pay
A yeare of serviceable tribute. *Are.* You
Can complement. *Lit.* Thus still she puts me off,
Vnlesse J speake the downe right word, she'le never
Vnderstand me, a man would thinke that creeping
Vpon one's knees Were English to a Lady. *Enter Alex.*
Ale. How ist *Iacke*? Pleasures attend you Madam,
How does my plant of honour? *Are.* Who is this?
Al. Tis *Alexander*. *Are.* Rich and glorious!
Lit. Tis *Alexander* the great. *Ale.* And my *Bucephalus*
Waites at the doore. *Are.* Your case is alterd sir.
Ale. J cannot helpe these things, the Fates will have it,
Tis not my land does this. *Lit.* But thou hast a plough
That brings it in. *Are.* Now he lookes brave and lovely.
Fre. Welcome my gallant Macedonian.
Al. Madam, you gave your Nephew for my pupill,

I rea'd but in a taverne, if you'le honour us,
The Beare at the bridge foote shall entertaine you,
A drawer is my Ganimed, he shall skinke
Briske *Nectar* to us, we will onely have
A dozen Partridge in a dish, as many Pheasants,
Quailes, Cockes and Godwits, shall come marching up
Like the train'd band, a fort of Sturgeon
Shall give most bold defiance to an army,
And triumph ore the table. *Are.* Sir, it will
But dull the appetite to heare more, and mine
Must be excus'd, another time I may
Be your guest. *Ale.* Tis growne in fashion now with Ladies,
When you please ile attend you; *Littleworth*
Come *Fredericke.* *Fre.* Weele have musicke, I love noise,
We will out roare the Thames and shake the bridge boy. *Ex.*
Lit. Madam I kisse your hand, wod you wod thinke
Of your poore servant, flesh and bloud is fraile,
And troublesome to carry without helpe.
Are. A coach will easily convey it, or
You may take water at strand bridge. *Lit.* But I
Have taken fire. *Are.* The Thames will coole.
Lit. But never quench my heart, your charitie
Can onely doe that! *Are.* I will keepe it cold
Of purpose, *Lit.* Now you blesse me, and I dare
Be drunke in expectation *Are.* I am confident
He knowes me not, and I were worse than mad
To be my owne betrayer, hre's my husband. *Enter Born.*
Bor. Why, how now *Aretina?* What alone?
The mystery of this solitude? my house
Turne desart o'the sudaine, all the gamsters
Blowne up? Why is the musicke put to silence?
Or ha their instruments caught a cold, since we
Gave e'm the last heate? I must know thy ground
Of Melancholy. *Are.* You are merry, as
You came from kissing *Celestina.* *Bor.* I
Feele her yet warme upon my lip, she is
Most excellent company, I did not thinke
There was that sweetnesse in her sexe, I must
Acknowledge twas thy cure to disinchant me

From a dull husband to an active lover,
With such a Lady, I could spend more yeeres,
Than since my birth my glasse hath run soft minutes;
And yet be young, her presence has a spell
To keepe off age, she has an eye would strike
Fire through an adamant. *Are.* I have heard as much
Bestow'd upon a dull fac'd chambermaid
Whom love and wit would thus commend, true beauty
Is mock'd when we compare thus, it selfe being
Above what can be fetch'd to make it lovely,
Or could our thoughts reach some thing to declare
The glories of a face, or bodies elegance,
That touches but our sense, when beauty spreads
Over the soule, and calls up understanding
To looke when thence is offer'd, and admire,
In both I must acknowledge *Celestina*
Most excellently faire, faire above all
The beauties I ha seene, and one most worthy
Mans love and wonder. *Bor.* Doe you speake *Aretina*,
This with a pure sence to commend, or ist
The mockery of my praise. *Aret.* Although it shame
My selfe, I must be just, and give her all
The excellency of women, and were I
A man. *Bo.* What then? *Are.* I know not with what losse,
I should attempt her love, she is a peece
So angellically moving, I should thinke
Frailty excus'd to dote upon her forme,
And almost vertue to be wicked with her. *Exit.*

Bor. What should this meane? this is no jealousie,
Or she beleeves I counterfeit, I feele
Something within me, like a heate, to give
Her cause, would *Celestina* but consent,
What a fraile thing is man, it is not worth
Our glory to be chasse, while we deny
Mirth and converse with women, he is good
That dares the tempter, yet corrects his bloud. *Exit.*

Celestina, Mariana, Isabella.

Cel. I have told you all my knowledge since he is pleasd
To invite himselfe he shall be entertaind,

And

And you shall be my witnesses. *Mar.* Who comes with him.
Cel. Sir *William Sentlove*, that prepard me for
The honourable encounter, I expect
His Lordship every minute. *Enter Sentlove.*
Sent. My Lord is come. *Enter Lord. Haircut.*
Cel. He has honord me. *Se.* My Lord your periwig is awry?
Lo. You sir _____ *While Haircut is busie about his haire, Sentlove goes to* Celestina.
Sent. You may guesse, at the gentleman thats with him.
It is his Barbar, Madam, dee obserue
And your Ladiship want a shaver. *Hai.* She is here sir,
I am betraid *Sentlove* your plot, I may
Have opportunity to be reveng'd *Exit.*
Sent. She in the midst. *Lo.* She's faire, I must confesse,
But does she keepe this distance out of state.
Cel. Though I am poore in language to expresse
How much your Lordship honors me, my heart
Is rich and proud in such a guest, I shall
Be out of love with every aire abroad,
And for his grace done my unworthy house,
Be a fond prisoner, become anchorite,
And spend my houres in prayer, to reward
The blessing, and the bounty of this presence.
Lor. Though you could turne each place you move in, to
A temple, rather than a wall should hide
So rich a beauty from the world, it were
Lesse want to lose our piety and your prayer,
A throne were fitter to present you to
Our wonder, whence your eyes more worth than all
They looke on, should chaine every heart a prisoner.
Sent. Twas pretty well come off. *Lo.* By your example
I shall know how to complement, in this
You more confirme my welcome. *Cel.* I shall love
My lippes the better, if their silent language
Perswade your Lordship but to thinke so truely.
Lo. You make me smile Madam. *Cel.* I hope you came not
With feare that any sadnesse here should shake
One blossome from your eye, I should be miserable
To present any object should displease you.

Lo. You doe not Madam. *Cel.* As I should account
It no lesse sorrow, if your Lordship should
Lay too severe a censure on my freedome.
I wonot court a Prince against his justice,
Nor bribe him with a smile to thinke me honest,
Pardon my Lord this boldnesse, and the mirth
That may flow from me, I beleeve my father
Thought of no winding sheete when he begot me.
Lor. She has a merry soule, it will become
Me aske your pardon Madam for my rude
Approach so much a stranger to your knowledge.
Cel. Not my Lord so much stranger to my knowledge,
Though I have but seene your person a farre off,
I am acquainted with your character,
Which I have heard so often, I can speake it.
Lo. You shall doe me an honor. *Cel.* If your Lordship will
Be patient. *Lo.* And glad to heare my faults.
Cel. That as your conscience can agree upon em,
How ever if your Lordship give me priviledge,
Ile tell you whats the opinion of the world.
Lo. You cannot please me better. *Cel.* Y'are a Lord
Borne with as much nobilitieas would
Divided serve to make ten noble men
Without a Herald, but with so much spirit,
And height of soule, as well might furnish twenty.
You are learnd, a thing not compatible now
With native honour, and are master of
A language that doth chaine all yeares, and charme
All hearts, where you perswade, a wit so flowing
And prudence to correct it, that all men
Beleeve they onely meete in you, which with
A spacious memory make up the full wonders;
To these you have knowne valour, and upon
A noble cause, know how to use a sword
To honors best advantage, though you were none;
You are as bountifull, as the showers that fall
Into the Springs greene bosome; as you were
Created Lord of fortune, not her steward;
So constant to the cause, in which you make

Your selfe an advocate, you dare all dangers,
And men had rather you should be their friend,
Than justice or the bench, bound up together.
Lor. But did you heare all this. *Cel.* And more my Lord.
Lor. Pray let me have it Madam.
Cel. To all these vertues, there is added one,
(Your Lordship will remember when I name it,
I speake but what I gather from the voyce
Of others) it is growne to a full fame
That you have lov'd a woman. *Lo.* But one Madam?
Cel. Yes many, give me leave to smile my Lord,
I shall not neede to interpret in what sence,
But you have shewd your selfe right honorable,
And for your love to Ladies have deserv'd,
If their vote might prevaile a marble statue,
I make no comment on the peoples text.
My Lord I should be sorry to offend.
Lor. You cannot Madam, these are things we owe
To nature for. *Cel.* And honest men will pay
Their debts. *Lo.* If they be able, or compound.
Cel. She had a hard heart, would be unmercifull,
And not give day to men so promising,
But you ow'd women nothing. *Lo.* Yes I am
Still in their debt, and I must owe them love,
It was part of my character. *Cel.* With your Lordships
Pardon I onely said, you had a fame
For loving women, but of late men say
You have against the imperiall lawes of love,
Restraind the active flowings of your bloud,
And with a Mistris buried all that is
Hop'd for in loves succession, as all beauty
Had died with her, and left the world benighted!
In this you more dishonor all our sexe
Than you did grace a part, when every where
Love tempts your eye to admire a glorious harvest,
And every where as full blowne eares submit
Their golden heads, the laden trees bow downe
Their willing fruit, and court your amorous tasting.
Lor. I see men would dissect me to a fibre,
But doe you beleeve this? *Cel.* It is my wonder!

I must confesse a man of nobler earth
Then goes to vulgar composition,
Borne and bred high, so unconfind, so rich
In fortunes, and so read in all that summe
Vp humane knowledge, to feed gloriously,
And live at court, the onely spheare wherein
True beauty moves, natures most wealthy garden,
Where every blossome is more worth, than all
The *Hesperian* fruite, by jealous Dragon watch'd
Where all delights doe circle appetite,
And pleasures multiply by being tasted,)
Should be so lost with thought of one, turne ashes.
There's nothing left my Lord that can excuse you,
Vnlesse you pleade, what I am asham'd to prompt
Your wisedome too? *Lo.* What that? *Cel.* That you have plaid
The Surgeon with your selfe *Lo.* And am made Eunuch.
Cel. It were much pitty. *Lo.* Trouble not your selfe,
I could convince your feares with demonstration
That I am man enough, but knew not where
Vntill this meeting beauty dwelt; the court
You talk'd of must be where the queene of love is,
Which moves but with your person, in your eye
Her glory shines, and onely at that flame
Her wanton boy doth light his quickning torch.
Cel. Nay now you complement, I would it did
My Lord for your owne sake. *Lor.* You would be kind,
And love me then. *Cel.* My Lord I should be loving
Where I found worth to invite it, and should cherish
A constant man. *Lor.* Then you should me Madam.
Cel. But is the ice about your heart fallen off,
Can you returne to dot what love commands?
Cupid thou shalt have instand sacrifice,
And I dare be the Priest. *Lor.* Your hand, your lip,
Now I am proofe gainst all temptation.
Cel Your meaning my good Lord. *Lor.* I that have strength
Against thy voyce and beauty, after this
May dare the charmes of womankind, thou art
Bella Marid unprophaned yet,
This Magicke has no power upon my bloud.

Farewell

Farewell Madam, if you durst be the example
Of chaste as well as faire, thou wert a brave one.
Cel. I hope your Lordship meanes not this for earnest,
Be pleasd to grace a banquet. *Lo.* Pardon Madam.
Will Sentlove follow, I must laugh at you.
Cel. My Lord I must beseech you stay, for honour
For her whose memory you love best. *Lo.* Your pleasure.
Cel. And by that vertue you have now profest,
I charge you to beleeve me too, I can
Now glory, that you have beene worth my triall,
Which I beseech you pardon, had not you
So valiantly recoverd in this conflict,
You had beene my triumph, without hope of more
Than my just scorne upon your wanton flame;
Nor will I thinke these noble thoughts grew first
From melancholy, for some semall losse,
As the phantasticke world beleeves, but from
Truth, and your love of Innocence, which shine
So bright in the two royall luminaries
At Court, you cannot lose your way to chastitie,
Proceede, and speake of me as honour guides you. *Exit Lord.*
I am almost tir'd, come Ladies weele beguile
Dull time, and take the aire annother while. *Exeunt.*

The fifth Act.

Enter Aretina and Servant.

Are. But hath *Sir Thomas* lost five hundred pounds
Already? *Ser.* And five hundred more he borrow'd,
The Dice are notable devourers Madam,
They make no more of peeces, than of pebbles,
But thrust their heapes together to engender,
Two hundred more the Caster cries this gentleman,
I am w'ee. I ha that to nothing sir, the Caster
Agen, tis covered, and the table too,
With summes that frighed me, here one sneakes out,
And with a Martyrs patience, smiles upon
His moneyes Executioner, the Dice,
Commands a pipe of good Tobacco, and
I'th smoke on't vanishes; another makes

The bones vault ore his head, sweares that ill throwing
Has put his shoulder out of joynt, calls for
A bone setter that lookes to'th boxe, to bid
His master send him some more hundred pounds,
Which lost, he takes tobacco, and is quiet;
Here a strong arme throwes in, and in, with which
He brusheth all the table, payes the Rookes
That went their smelts a peece upon his hand,
Yet sweares he has not drawne a stake this seven yeare.
But I was bid make haste, my master may
Lose this five hundred pounds ere I come thither. *Exit.*

Are. If we both waste so fast, we shall soone finde
Our state is not immortall, some thing in
His other wayes appeare not well already. *Enter sir Thomas.*

Bor. Yee Tortoises, why make you no more haste,
Go pay to'th master of the house that money,
And tell the noble gamsters, I have another
Superfluous thousand pound, at night ile visit em.
Dee heare? *Ser.* Yes and please you. *Bor* Doo't ye drudges,
Ta ra ra--- *Aretina.* *Ar.* You have a pleasant humor sir.

Bor. What should a gentleman be sad? *Ar.* You have lost.

Bor. A transitory summe, as good that way
As another. *Are.* Doe you not vexe within for't?

Bor. I had rather lose a thousand more, than one
Sad thought come neere my heart fort, vexe for trash,
Although it goe from othermen like drops
Of their life bloud, we lose with the alacrity,
Wee drinke a cup of sacke, or kisse a Mistris,
No money is considerable with a gamster,
They have soules more spacious than Kings, did two
Gamsters divide the Empire of the world
They'd make one throw for't all, and he that lost
Be no more melancholy, then to have plai'd for
A mornings draught, vexe a rich soule for dirt,
The quiet of whose every thought is worth
A Province. *Are.* But when Dice have consumd all,
Your patience will not pawne for as much more.

Bor. Hang pawning, sell outright, and the feares over.

Are. Say you so? I'le have another coach to morrow

If

If there bē rich above ground. *Bor.* I forgot
To bid the fellow aske my Jeweller,
Whether the chaine of Diamonds be made up,
I will present it to my Lady *Bellamour*,
Faire *Celestina*. *Are.* This gowne J have worne
Sixe dayes already, it lookes dull, ile give it
My waiting woman, and have one of cloth
of gold enbrodered, shooes and pantables
Will show well of the same. *Bor.* I have invited
A covey of Ladies, and as many gentlemen
To morrow to the *Italian* Ordinary,
I shall have rarities, and regalli as
To pay for Madam, musicke, wanton songs,
And tunes of silken petticotes to dance to.
Are. And to morrow have I invited halfe the Court
To dine here, what misfortune tis your company
And ours should be devided? after dinner
J entertaine e'm with a play. *Bor.* By that time
Your play inclines to the Epilogue, shall we
quit our *Italian* host, and whirle in coaches,
To the Douch Magazine of sawce, the Stillyard,
Where deale, and backragge, and what strange wine ēlse,
They dare but give a name too in the reckoning
Shall flow into our roome, and drowne Westphalias,
Tongues, and Anchoavis, like some little towne
Endangered by a sluce, through whose fierce ebbe
We wade and wash our selves into a boate,
And bid our Coachmen drive their leather tenēments
By land, while we saile home with a fresh tide
To some new randevous. *Are.* If you have not
Pointed the place, pray bring your Ladies hither,
J meane to have a Ball to morrow night,
And a rich banquet for e'm, where we'le dance
Till morning rise, and blush to interrupt us.
Bor. Have you no Ladies i'th next roome, to advance
A present mirth? What a dull house you governe?
Farewell, a wife's no company---*Aretina*,
J've summ'd up my estate, and find we may have (rather
A month good yet. *Are.* What meane you? *Bo.* And Jde

Be Lord one moneth of pleasures, to the height
And rapture of our senses, than be yeares,
Consuming what we have in foolish temperance,
Live in the darke, and no fame waite upon us,
I will live so, posterity shall stand
At gaze when I am mentioned. *Are.* A mon'th good,
And what shall be done then. *Bor.* Ile over Sea,
And traile a pike, with watching, marching, lying
In trenches, with enduring cold, and hunger,
And taking here and there a musketshot,
I can earne every weeke foure shillings Madam,
And if the bullets favour me to snatch
Any superfluous limbe, when I returne
With good friends, I despaire not to be enrold
Poore Knight of Windsore; for your course Madam,
No doubt you may doe well, your friends are great,
Or if your poverty, and their pride cannot
Agree, you neede not trouble much invention,
To find a trade to live by, there are customers,
Farewell, be frolicke Madam, if I live
I will feast all my senses, and not fall
Lesse than a *Phaeton* from my throne of Pleasure,
Though my estate flame like the world about me.
Are. Tis very pretty. *Enter Decoy.*
Madam *Decoy*. *De.* What melancholy *Exit.*
After so sweet a nights worke? Have not I
Shew'd my selfe Mistris of my art. *Are.* A Lady.
De. That title makes the credit of the act
A story higher, y'ave not seene him yet,
I wonder what hee'le say. *Are.* He's here.
Ale. Beare up *Enter Alexander and Fredericke.*
My little *Mirmidan*, does not *Iacke Littleworth*
Follow? *Fre.* Follow? He fell into the Thames
At landing. *Alex.* The devill shall dive for him
Ere I endanger my silke stockings for him,
Let the Watermen alone, they have drags and engins,
When he has drunke his Julip, I shall laugh
To see him come in pickeld the next tide.
Fre. Hee'le never sinke, he has such a corke braine.

Ale.

Ale. Let him be hang'd or drown'd alls one to me,
Yet he deserves to die by water, cannot
Beare his wine credibly. *Fre.* Is not this my Aunt?
Ale. And another hansome Lady, I must know her.
Fre. My blood is rampant too, I must court some body,
As good my Aunt, as any other body.
Are. Where have you beene cozen? *Fre.* At the bridge,
At the Beares foote, where our first health began
To the faire *Aretina*, whose sweet company
Was wished by all, we could not get a lay,
a Tumbler, a Device, a *bona roba*
For any money, drawers were growne dull;
We wanted our true firkes and our vagaries; (Ladies
When were you in drinke Aunt? *Are.* How? *Fr.* Do not
Play the good fellowes too? there's no true mirth
Without e'm, I have now such tickling fancies,
That Doctour of the chaire of wit, has read
A precious lecture, how I should behave
My selfe to Ladies, as now for example.
Are. Would you practise upon me? *Fre.* I first salute you,
You have a soft hand Madam, are you so
All over? *Are.* Nephew. *Fre.* Nay you should but smile,
And then agen I kisse you; and thus draw
Off your white glove, and start to see your hand
More excellently white, I grace my owne
Lip with this touch, and turning gently thus,
Prepare you for my skill in Palmistry,
Which out of curiosity no Lady
But easily applies too, the first line
I tooke with most ambition to find out,
Is *Venus* girdle, a faire semicircle
Enclosing both the mount of *Sol* and *Saturne*,
If that appeare, she's for my turne, a Lady
Whom nature has prepar'd for the careere,
And *Cupid* at my elbow, I put forward,
You have this very line, Aunt.
Are. The boy's franticke.
Fre. You have a Couch or Palate, I can shut
The Chamber doore, enrich a stranger when

Your Nephew's comming into play. *Are.* No more.
Fre. Are you so coy to your owne flesh and bloud?
Al. Here take your playfellow, I talke of sport,
And she would have me marry her.
Fre. Heres *Littleworth.* *Enter Littleworth wet.*
Why how now Tutour? *Lit.* I ha beene fishing.
Fr. And what ha you caught? *Lit.* My belly full of water.
Al. Ha ha, wheres thy rapier? *Lit.* My rapier's is drown'd,
And I am little better, I was up bi'th heeles,
And out came a tun of water beside wine.
Al. 'Thas made thee sober. *Lit.* Would you have me drunk
With Water? *Are.* I hope your fire is quenched by this time.
Fre. It is not now, as when your worship walkd
By all the tavernes *Iacke*, drie as a bone.
Al. You had store of fish under water *Iacke*.
Lit. It has made a poore *Iohn* of me.
Fre. I doe not thinke but if we cast an angle
Into his belly, we might find some Pilchards.
Lit. And boild by this time, deere Madam a bed.
Al. Carry but the water Spaniel to a grasseplot
Where he may roule himselfe, let him but shake
His eares twice in the Sunne, and you may grind him
Into a posset. *Fre.* Come thou shalt to my bed
Poore pickerell. *De.* Alas sweete gentleman.
Lit. I have ill lucke, and I should smell by this time,
I am but new tane I am sure, sweet gentlewoman.
De. Your servant. *Lit.* Pray doe not plucke off my skin,
It is so wet, unlesse you have good eyes
You'le hardly know it from a shirt. *De.* Feare nothing.
Are. He has sacke enough, and I may find his humor. *Exeunt.*
Al. And how ist with your Ladiship? you looke
Without a sunshine in your face. *Are.* You are glorious
In mind and habit. *Al.* Ends of gold and silver.
Are. Your other clothes were not so rich, who was
Your tailor sir? *Al.* They were made for me long since,
They have knowne but two bright dayes upon my backe,
I had a humor Madam to lay things by,
They will serve two dayes more, I thinke I ha gold enough
To goe to'th Mercer, Ile now allow my selfe

A suite a weeke as this, with necessary
Dependances, Beaver, silke stockings, garters,
And roses in their due conformitie,
Bootes are forbid a cleane legge, but to ride in,
My linnen every morning comes in new,
The old goes too great bellies. *Ar.* You are charitable.
Al. I may dine w'ee sometime, or at the Court
To meete good company, not for the table,
My Clarke o'th Kitchins here, a witty Epicure,
A spirit that to please me with whats rare
Can flie a hundred mile a day to market,
And make me Lord of Fish and Foule, I shall
Forget there is a butcher, and to make
My footmen nimble, he shall feede on nothing
But wings of wildfoule. *Are.* These wayes are costly.
Al. Therefore Ile have it so, I ha sprung a mine.
Are. You make me wonder sir, to see this change
Of fortune, your revenew was not late
So plentifull. *Al.* Hang durty land and Lordships,
I wonot change one lodging I ha got
For the Chamber of London. *Are.* Strange of such a sudden,
To rise to this estate, no fortunate hand
At dice could lift you up so, for tis since
Last night, yesterday, you were no such Monarke.
Al. There be more games then dice. *Are.* It cannot be
A Mistris, though your person is worth love,
None possibly are rich enough to feed
As you have cast the method of your riots,
A Princesse, after all her Jewels must
Be forc'd to sell her provinces. *Al.* Now you talke
Of Jewels? What doe you thinke of this? *Are.* A rich one.
Al. You'le honour me to wear't, this other toy
I had from you, this chaine I borrowed of you,
A friend had it in keeping, if your Ladiship
Want any summe, you know your friend and *Alexander*.
Are. Dare you trust my security. *Al.* There's gold,
I shall have more to morrow.
Are. You astonish me, who can supply these?
Al. A deare friend I have,

Shē promiſd we ſhould meete agen i'th morning.
Are. Not that I wiſh to know
More of your happineſſe, then I have aready
Heart to congratulate, be pleaſd to lay
My wonder. *Al.* Tis a ſecret. *Are.* Which ile die
Ere Ile betray. *Al.* You have alwayes wiſh'd me well,
But you ſhall ſweare not to reveale the partie.
Are. Ile loſe the benefit of my tongue. *Alex.* Nor be
A fraid at what I ſay, what thinke you firſt
Of an old Witch, a ſtrange ill favor'd hag
That for my company laſt night, has wrought
This cure upon my fortune? I doe ſweat
To thinke upon her name. *Are.* How ſir a Witch?
Al. I would not fright your Ladiſhip too much
At firſt, but Witches are a kin to Spirits,
The truth is--- nay if you looke pale already,
I ha done. *Are.* Sir I beſeech you. *Al.* If you havē
But courage then to know the truth, ile tell you
In one word, my chiefe friend is the devill.
Are. What devill? How I tremble. *Al.* Have a heart,
Twas a ſhee divell too, a moſt inſatiate
Abominable devill with a taile
Thus long. *Are.* Goodneſſe defend mē, did you ſee her?
Al. No twas i'th darke, but ſhe appeard firſt to me
I'th likeneſſe of a Bedlam, and was brought
I know not how, nor whither, by two Goblins,
More hooded than a Hawke. *Are.* But would you venter
Vpon a devill? *Al.* I for meanes. *Are.* How blacke
An impudence is this? But are you ſure
It was the devill you enjoy'd. *Al.* Say nothing,
I did the beſt to pleaſe her, but as ſure
As you live, twas a Helcat. *Are.* De'e not quake?
Al. I found my ſelfe the very ſame in i'th morning,
Where two of her familiars had left me. *Enter Servant.*
Ser. My Lord is come to viſite you. *Al.* No words,
As you reſpect my ſafety, I ha told tales
Out of the devills ſchoole, if it be knowne
I loſe a friend, tis now about the time
I promis'd her to meete agen, at my

Returne Ile tell you wonders, not a word. *Exit.*
Are. Tis a false glasse, sure I am more deform'd,
What have I done, my soule is miserable. *Enter Lord.*
Lor. I sent you a letter Madam. *Are.* You expreſt
Your noble care of me my Lord. *Enter Bornwell, Celestina.*
Bor. Your Lordship
Does me an honour. *Lor.* Madam I am glad
To see you here, I meant to have kist your hand
Ere my returne to Court. *Cel.* Sir *Thomas* has
Prevaild to bring me to his trouble hither. (dam?
Lor. You doe him grace. *Bor.* Why whats the matter Ma-
Your eyes are tuning *Lachrimæ*. *Are.* As you
Doe hope for heaven withdraw, and give me but
The patience of ten minutes. *Born.* Wonderfull!
I wonot heare you above that proportion,
Shee talkes of heaven, come, where must we to counsell?
Ar. You shall conclude me when you please. *Bo.* I follow.
Lor. What alteration is this? I that so late
Stood the temptation of her eye, and voyce,
Boasted a heart, 'bove all licentious flame,
At second veiw turne renegade, and thinke
I was too superstitious, and full
Of phlegme not to reward her amorous Courtship
With manly freedome. *Cel.* I obey you sir.
Bor. Ile waite upon your Lordship presently.
Lor. She could not want a cunning to seeme honest
When I neglected her, I am resolv'd,
You still looke pleasant Madam. *Cel.* I have cause
My Lord, the rather for your presence, which
Hath power to charme all trouble in my thoughts.
Lor. I must translate that complement and owe
All that is cheerefull in my selfe to these
Soft quickning smiles, and rather than such bright
Eyes should repent their influence upon me,
I would release the aspects, and quit the bountie
Of all the other starres; Did you not thinke me
A strange and melancholy gentleman
To use you so unkindly. *Cel.* Me my Lord?
Lor. I hope you made no loude complaint, I wod not

Be

Be tride by a Jury of Ladies. *Cel.* For what my Lord?
Lor. I did not meete that noble entertainment,
You were late pleasd to shew me. *Cel.* I obsérvd
No such defect in your Lorshíp, but a brave
And noble fortitude. *Lor.* A noble folly
I bring repentance fort, I know you have
Madam a gentle faith, and wonot ruine
What you have built to honour you. *Cel.* Whats that?
Lor. If you can love, ile tell your Ladiship.
Cel. I have a stubborne soule else. *Lor.* You are all
Composd of harmony. *Cel.* What love de'e meane?
Lor. That which doth perfect both, Madam you have heard
I can be constant, and if you consent
To grace it so, there is a spacious dwelling
Prepar'd within my heart for such a Mistrisse. (Lady?
Cel. Your Mistris, my good Lord? *Lor.* Why my good
Your sexe doth hold it no dishonour
To become Mistris to a noble servant
In the now court, Platonicke way, consider
Who tis that pleades to you, my birth, and present
Value can be no staine to your embrace,
But these are shadowes when my love appeares,
Which shall in his first miracle returne
Me in my bloome of youth, and thee a Virgin,
When I within some new *Elisium*
Of purpose made and meant for us, shall be
In every thing *Adonis*, but in his
Contempt of love, and court thee from a *Daphne*
Hid in the cold rinde of a bashfull tree,
With such warme language, and delight, till thou
Leape from that bayes into the queene of love,
And pay my conquest with composing garlands
Of thy owne mirtle for me. *Cel.* Whats all this?
Lor. Consent to be my Mistris *Celestina*,
And we will have it Spring-time all the yeare,
Vpon whose invitations when we walke,
The windes shall play soft descant to our feete,
And breathe rich odors to repure the aire,
Greene bowers on every side shall tempt our stay,

And

And Violets stoope to have us treade upon em.
The red rose shall grow pale, being neere thy cheeke,
And the white blush orecome with such a forehead,
Here laid, and measuring with our selves some banke,
A thousand birds shall from the woods repaire,
And place themselves so cunningly, behinde
The leaves of every tree, that while they pay
As tribute of their songs, thou shat imagine
The very trees beare musicke, and sweet voyces
Doe grow in every arbour, here can we
Embrace and kisse, tell tales, and kisse agen,
And none but heaven our rivall. *Cel.* When we are
Weary of these, what if we shift our Paradise?
And through a grove of tall and even pine,
Descend into a Vally, that shall shame
All the delights of *Tempe*, upon whose
Greene plush the graces shall be cald to dance
To please us, and maintaine their Fairy revells,
To the harmonious murmurs of a streame
That gently falls upon a rocke of pearle,
Here doth the Nimph forsaken Eccho dwell,
To whom we'le tell the story of our love,
Till at our surfet and her want of joy,
We breake her heart with envy, not farre off
A grove shall call us to a wanton river,
To see a dying Swan give up the ghost,
The fishes shooting up their teares in bubbles
That they must lose the Genius of their waves,
And such love linsey woolsey, to no purpose.
Lor. You chide me handsomely, pray tell me how
You like this language. *Cel.* Good my Lord forbeare.
Lor. You neede not flie out of this circle Madam,
These widowes so are full of circumstance,
Ile undertake in this time I ha courted
Your Ladiship for the toy, to ha broken ten,
Nay twenty colts, Virgins I meane, and taught em
The amble, or what pace I most affected.
Cel. Y'are not my Lord agen, the Lord I thought you,
And I must tell you now, you doe forget

Your selfe and me. *Lor.* You'le not be angry Madam.
Cel Nor rude, though gay men have a priviledge,
It shall appeare, there is a man my Lord
Within my acquaintance, rich in worldly fortunes,
But cannot boast any descent of bloud,
Would buy a coate of armes. *Lor.* He may, and legges
booted and spurr'd to ride into the countrey.
Cel. But these will want antiquitie: my Lord
The seale of honour, whats a coate cut out
But yesterday to make a man a gentleman?
Your family as old, as the first vertue
That merited an Escucheon, doth owe
A glorious coat of armes, if you will sell now
All that your name doth challenge in that ensigne,
Ile helpe you to a chapman, that shall pay
And powre downe wealth enough for't. *Lor.* Sell my armes?
I cannot Madam. *Cel.* Give but your consent,
You know not how the state may be enclind
To dispensation, we may prevaile
Vpon the Heralds office afterward.
Lor. Ile sooner give these armess to'th hangmans axe,
My head, my heart, to twenty executions
Than sell one atome from my name. *Cel.* Change that,
And answer him would buy my honour from me.
Honour that is not worne upon a flagge
Or pennon, that without the owners dangers,
An enemy may ravish, and beare from me,
But that which growes and withers with my soule,
Beside the bodies staine, think, thinke my Lord
To what you would unworthily betray me,
If you would not for price of gold, or pleasure,
(If that be more your idoll) lose the glory
And painted honour of your house ---- I ha done.
Lor. Enough to rectifie a Satires bloud,
Obscure my blushes here. *Enter Sentlove and Haircut.*
Ha. Or this or fight with me,
It shall be no exception that I waite
Vpon my Lord, I am a gentleman,
You may be lesse and bea Knight, the office,
I doe my Lord is honest sir, how many

Such

Such you have beene guilty of, heaven knowes.
Sent. Tis no feare of your sword, but that I wod not
Breake the good lawes establisht against duells.
Ha. Off with your periwig, and stand bare. *Lor.* From this
Minute ile be a servant to thy goodnesse,
A Mistris in the wanton sence is common,
Ile honor you with chaste thoughts, and call you so.
Cel Ile study to be worth your faire opinion.
Lor. Sentlove, your head was usd to a covering,
Beside a hat, when went the haire away.
Sent. I laid a wager my Lord with *Hairecut,*
Who thinkes I shall catch cold, that ile stand bare
This halfe houre. *Ha.* Pardon my ambition
Madam, I told you truth, I am a gentleman,
And cannot feare that name is drown'd in my
Relation to my Lord. *Cel.* I dare not thinke so.
Ha. From henceforth call my service duty Madam,
That Pigges head that betraid me to your mirth,
Is doing penance for't. *Sent.* Why may not I
My Lord begin a fashion of no haire. (nightcaps.
Cel. Doe you sweat sir william. *Sent.* Not with store of

Enter Aretina, Bornwell.

Are. Heaven has dissolv'd the clouds that hung upon
My eyes, and if you can with mercy meet
A penitent, I throw my owne will off,
And now in all things obey yours, my nephew
Send backe agen to'th colledge, and my selfe
To what place you'le confine me. *Bor.* Dearer now
Than ever to my bosome, thou shat please
Me best to live at thy owne choice, I did
But fright thee with a noise of my expences,
The summes are safe, and we have wealth enough,
If yet we use it nobly? My Lord---- Madam,
Pray honour to night. *Are.* I begge your presence,
And pardon. *Bor.* I know not how my *Aretina*
May be dispos'd to morrow for the country.
Cel You must not goe, before you both have done
Me honour to accept an entertainment,
Where I have power, on those termes I'me your guest.

Bor. You grace us Madam. *Are.* Already
I feele a cure upon my soule, and promise
My after life to vertue, pardon heaven,
My shame yet hid from the worlds eye.
De. Sweet Madam. *Enter decoy.*
Ar. Not for the world be seene here, we are lost,
Ile visite you at home; but not to practise
What she expects, my counsell may recover her.
Enter Alexander.
Al. Wheres Madam? pray lend me a little money,
My spirit has deceiv'd me, *Proserpine*
Has broke her word. *Are.* Doe you expect to find
The devill true to you. *Al.* Not too loud. *Are.* Ile voyce it
Louder, to all the world your horrid sinne,
Vnlesse you promise me religiously,
To purge your foule bloud by repentance sir.
Al. Then I'me undone. *Are.* Not while I have power
To encourage you to vertue, ile endeavour
To find you out some nobler way at Court
To thrive in. *Al.* Doo't, and ile forsake the devill,
And bring my flesh to obedience; you shall steere me,
My Lord --- your servant. *Lor.* You are brave agen.
Al. Madam your pardon. *Bor.* Your offence requires
Humility. *Al.* Low as my heart. Sir *Thomas*
Ile sup with you, a part of satisfaction.
Bor. Our pleasures coole, musicke, and when our Ladies
Are tired with active motion, to give
Them rest in some new rapture to advance
Full mirth, our soules shall leape into a dance.
Exeunt.

FINIS.